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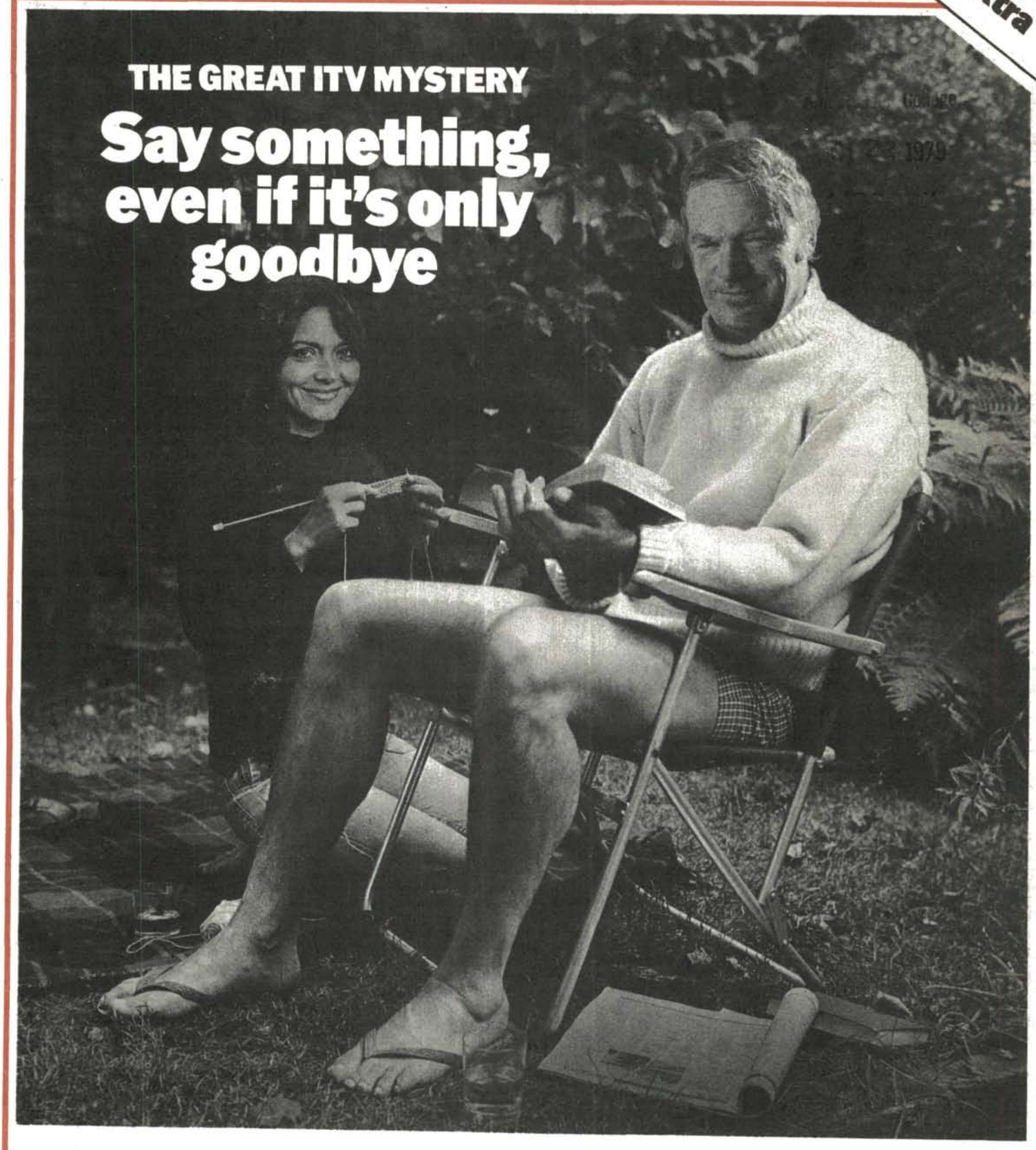

THE GREAT ITV MYSTERY

Say something, even if it's only goodbye

Russia: a new type of dissident
Lord Carrington: profile of a trimmer
Ian Hamilton: the Prudence Farmer poetry prize
Hermione Lee: Studs Lonigan 50 years on
Helen McNeil: the Plathetic fallacy
John Coleman at the Venice Film Festival

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NEW STATESMAN

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The Blackpool Syndrome

IT MAY HAVE COME as a surprise to many trade unionists to learn last week that the TUC had voted almost unanimously for the further development of nuclear power. It may have come as a particular surprise to members of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the National Union of Mineworkers and the Society of Post Office Executives to find that their own unions, having first submitted resolutions to Congress which were implicity anti-nuclear, had become signatories of a composite motion on 'Energy Policy' which stated that 'in the foreseeable future' the success of the policy would 'depend crucially on investment in this country's coal, nuclear and heavy engineering industries'.

Of all the horsetrading that went on behind the scenes, this was at once the most futile and the most dangerous. Congress House aims to solve all differences between unions before they can be aired in public – and thus the NUM was persuaded to endorse demands from the engineers' and electricians' unions for an expansion of the nuclear industry (which would mean more jobs for their members) in order to ensure a united call for more coal (which would mean more NUM jobs).

The original resolution from the TGWU seemed to be motivated solely by concern about the dangers of nuclear power. It called for 'a major review of energy policy, nuclear waste processing and the further development of nuclear power' and for a full debate within the union movement 'on the variety of future energy options in the light of national resources, energy requirements, health and safety and employment'. Eminently sensible words, yet Moss Evans was prepared to let them be watered down beyond recognition and stitched together with the demands of the pro-nuclear lobby, so that Congress could present a united front to the world.

It is bad enough that the TUC's fear of open disagreement should stifle debate and cripple the decision-making of the trade union movement; it is worse still that it can lead to unions pledging their support to a long-term nuclear development programme without any informed discussion having taken place.

The debate at Blackpool made only passing reference to the hazards of nuclear power, as though it were peripheral to the question of jobs. John Lyons of the Engineers' and Managers' Association assured delegates that nuclear energy was relatively safe – because only two deaths had occurred in Great Britain as a possible result of radiation, while hundreds had died in the mines. Not a word of dissent was heard from the floor of Congress; the near-disaster at Harrisburg might as well have been science fiction. The majority of unions had no policy of their own on nuclear energy and their delegates simply went along with the composite, on the ground that it seemed to embrace most points of view. Thanks to the back-room stitchers, they could not debate whether nuclear power should be developed.

Had that been possible, someone might have pointed out (for example) that in three months this year there have been 19 radioactive accidents, including seven in which workers were exposed to substantial overdoses of radiation; or that it has been officially estimated that a serious accident at Windscale could cause up to 5,000 deaths and 30,000 delayed fatal cancers. Delegates might even have discussed the increasingly dubious economics of nuclear electricity.

Last week's Congress called for greater press freedom to allow 'rational and informed discussion' of industrial matters. The TUC will find fewer friends than cynics if it fails to make its own arrangements for a full and open debate on the equally crucial issue of nuclear energy. Fortunately the debate *will* go on, despite what happened at Blackpool. Each union must now make up its own mind and stop following the few who have a vested interest in a 'nuclear future'.

NOTES

The go-between

Patrick Wintour writes: The Labour establishment has gained a new courier – Clive Jenkins of ASTMS. Last week Jenkins, by a procedural device, stopped the TUC coming to any decision on a motion censuring the previous Labour Government. On Sunday evening Clive the conciliator was at it again. He was to be found at a secret evening meeting at Tony Benn's house pleading the establishment's case with the Left on the Labour Party's national executive committee. Present at the two hour meeting were Atkinson, Heffer, Hoyle, Kinnock, Mikardo, Maynard, Lestor and Benn. The topic of discussion was the next morning's meeting between the Labour Party's Organisation Committee and Trade Unions for a Labour Victory, a group of union leaders. Jenkins pleaded with the Left to drop at that meeting the NEC's controversial proposals on the manifesto, mandatory reselection of MPs and the broadening of the leadership electorate. The Welsh radical argued that these issues should instead be subsumed into the forthcoming inquiry into party organisation.

His reasoning was that the Left regrettably could not win enough votes at party conference in Brighton but if they were instead to remit their proposals to an inquiry he would endeavour to ensure that they were there looked at in a favourable light. He went on that it was possible that the section of the inquiry on party democracy, and particularly leadership election, could be rushed through for a spring recall conference. The new electoral system would then be ready to be baptised for the Callaghan succession.

Benn and Heffer, however, refused to budge, pointing out that if unions like Jenkins' voted with the Left at conference all these issues could be won there and then. They argued that it was necessary for them to strike now while the iron was hot since the Left might not be as strong on the NEC next year and since Jenkins could clearly give no guarantee about the outcome of an inquiry which may well turn into a graveyard of reform. The gathering concluded, to Jenkins' dismay, that the organisation committee would not recommend to the NEC that the proposals be dropped.

The next day was somewhat of a formality. The organisation committee accepted the inquiry but decided that the NEC meeting immediately before conference will not be asked to drop the party democracy proposals. Much depends now on how far Callaghan is prepared to fight at that NEC meeting. But the likelihood is that the issues will now be voted on at conference. This is the outcome the unions feared – having to decide and reveal in

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NOTES

public whose side they are on.

Many union leaders are worried that the Left's proposals will gain support from union delegations which the leadership will not be able to control. Both the massive TGWU and the AUEW delegation votes remain undecided. The increasingly influential TGWU executive meets next week and may give their delegation a mandate. Moss Evans, TGWU general secretary and Alex Kitson, his deputy seem to differ on the issues so the executive may be able to give the lead. The AUEW national committee also meets in some disarray next week. The executive will try to avoid any commitment being given to them by the left leaning national committee.

Duffy's baptism

Donald Macintyre writes: The Engineering Employers Federation has always been notable for the discipline with which it has jointly resisted industrial action. Those firms currently faced with a five-week overtime ban and two-day strikes, which have already given in to the unions' claim for an £80 per week craftsmen's basic rate, 39 hour week, and two days' extra holiday, run the risk of expulsion from the EEF if they do not take the more probable course of resigning. The EEF said early this week they knew of only 11 recalcitrants who had given in. AUEW President Terry Duffy put the figure of federated firms who had conceded at 33, along with nearly ten times as many non-federated firms who normally follow national negotiations. This week, the first in which two-day strikes will bite into pay packets, is likely to be the turning point in the six-week-old dispute.

Since for the vast majority of engineering workers the basic rate is relevant only as a calculator for shift and overtime pay, and since the rules of the two biggest unions, the AUEW and the TGWU, preclude dispute benefit for two-day strikes, and since by the employers' own account picketing has so far been peaceful, the unions are not unduly worried by the employers' estimates that 300,000 (out of 1.25 million) workers in federated firms went to work normally on Monday. But why is Duffy, whose election was hailed as a breakthrough for moderation, now leading a strike capable of inflicting more industrial damage than anything which happened last winter? It is specially surprising since the issue most sharply dividing the two sides throughout the industry is the demand for a shorter week – the one which in the past few years has always been the first to be dropped when pay talks reached the crunch.

The CSEU executive thought that they were close to agreement back in June, though most of its members deny the employers' claim that the unions were ready to sign a deal on the employers' offer of £70 skilled basic rate without a firm commitment on a shorter week. One reason for the change in climate is that for the first time since 1974 negotiations have been fully reported at each stage in printed leaflets sent to all interested parties. During the last four, Scanlon-dominated years, neither the EEF backwoodsmen nor militant shop stewards had the ringside view of the talks which they have today. The other is that the left coalition on the AUEW national committee managed to break this year's deadlock long enough to force through by 27-25 votes a hard-line resolution committing negotiators to four basic points of the claim, including the 39-hour week. It was that resolution which in July was overwhelmingly passed by the CSEU annual conference – the mini-TUC of the engineering and shipbuilding industries – and hardened the negotiator's line.

Normally the EEF negotiations happen at the end of the pay round. So long did they drag on this year that they now find themselves in the public eye at the beginning of the *next* round. A generous settlement, especially on hours, the EEF argument runs, will store up serious trouble for the future.

Rhodesia's rice raid

Richard Carver and Brian Slocock write: Mozambique's precarious food supply was the main target of last week's three-day raid by Zimbabwe-Rhodesian troops. While most of the British press occupied itself with how to offer a convincing rewording of Salisbury press handouts, the raiders were ensconced in Mozambique's main food-producing region. The Limpopo valley is the country's most fertile area, producing not just rice, the staple crop, but also yams and tomatoes. By Mozambican standards agricultural production there is highly sophisticated. Mechanised farming may ease the problems for underdevelopment but the equipment made an easy target last week.

The timing of the attack was carefully chosen. The rice harvest is just finishing and the large warehouses where the crop is now stored presented another target for the Rhodesians. The invading troops also destroyed bridges on the main Chokwe-Maputo road, severely disrupting the supply of basic foodstuffs to other parts of the country. Not surprisingly, given the non-military nature of the targets, there have been heavy civilian casualties. The attack is only the lastest instance of a strategy aimed, apparently, at crippling the Mozambican economy. The timing was deliberate in another respect too, coming as a prelude to the Zimbabwe constitutional conference which began in London on Monday.

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The conference was a predictable target for demonstrators from both sides. The several hundred pro-liberation protesters fared badly in the press – worse than a handful of supporters of Muzorewa and Smith ('God bless the Bishop', 'Thanks Ian for building Rhodesia').

However, what the combined investigative powers of the world press did not uncover was that – apart from a couple of people from the nuttier far right fringe – every one of the pickets had been flown in from Rhodesia the day before. They plan to stay a week, or longer if necessary, at the expense of the Zimbabwe-Rhodesian government.

Information providers

Peter Sommer and Duncan Campbell write: The public launch, on Tuesday, of a 'new form of mass media' was a small and little heeded step in the history of communications. The grand occasion was the public connection to the telephone network of the Post Office's new Prestel computers, which supply information to an ordinary television screen. The new service is supposed to provide low cost electronic information to business and domestic customers, using the ordinary telephone system. Hitherto, the air has been thick with unfulfilled visionary statements about the potential of the view data service, as it was originally known. But the development programme has been subject to a series of postponements and reappraisals; the service introduced this week is in the London area only, and is nine months behind schedule.

The core of the problem is that the development of the new service has been co-ordinated by a fragile grouping of the Post Office (who supply the phone system and computers to hold information), the so-called 'Information Providers' who put the information into the computers and receive revenue on its use, and the set manufacturers. In this slightly informal atmosphere, with each side looking to the other for leadership, no-one has seen to it that the public can actually buy the special TV sets for the service at a reasonable price. Sets now cost between £700 and £1000, and the set manufacturing industry clearly would like a government safety net before venturing into cost-cutting mass production. Such a safety net is unlikely to be forthcoming.

The IP's are understandably disgruntled that their considerable investment in providing over 130,000 electronics 'pages' is going to be slow in coming to fruition, if ever. Inevitably too, unexpectedly high costs mean that the Prestel service is being slanted more and more towards use by business. None of the parties has been helped by the recent VAT increase – which also affects information access – on Prestel, unlike all other commercial and information media. Post Office costs – already estimated at £14 million a year – are escalating, and will mount as new provincial computer centres are brought into service. Internal pressure to increase charges, however, is hardly likely to encourage the interested public.

Libya celebrates

Michael Sheridan writes: Down on the Tripoli seafront the posters of Arab leaders who came to Libya to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Colonel Gaddafi's coup d'etat are slowly peeling off the freshly whitewashed wall, revealing large unpainted patches beneath their surface. To more than one journalist who passed it every day this wall has come to symbolise the elaborate show to which 250 of the world's press were treated here last week.

In attendance to dance to Gaddafi's tune were a singularly unpleasant assembly of Middle Eastern potentates and strongmen, including Syria's Hafez Assad, Crown Prince Abdullah of Saudi Arabia, the Algerian president Chadli and the leaders of Gulf States and South Yemen. Malta's Dom Mintoff and the Tunisian leader Habib Bourguiba – both of whom have their differences with Gaddafi at the moment – stayed away. In addition to the heads of state, a motly assortment of unlikely characters appeared in the Libyan capital, exercising considerable fascination for the press. Vanessa Redgrave held court in the Beach Hotel, but was declared to be 'far too busy with her political work' to give interviews, whilst Billy Carter held forth to anybody prepared to buy him a Coca-Cola.

With little hard news to report, and even less information forthcoming from Libyan officals, the press resorted to camping out in the hotel lobby, where huddled groups scrutinised each other, the Libyans and anyone unfortunate enough to enter the building. Periodically a harrassed official would harangue the assembled media through a loudhailer ('You go now, quick, quick, very important press conference').

Few journalists have had a chance to penetrate beneath the surface – the chaotic inefficiency of arrangements and the ever-present guides saw to that. Within a few days the airlines were besieged by newsmen booking seats to Rome, Tunis, Athens, Algiers, or indeed anywhere you could get a drink. Independence of any kind was out – when one journalist hired a car, within 48 hours it was suddenly required for another client. It then sat untouched in the car park for nearly a week. A German TV crew wanted to film the camel market: 'Camel market? It does not exist' declared their guide. The German protested: 'But we saw it from

the road'. 'Oh, well, maybe there is – I don't know. But you have camels in Germany, why can't you film them there?' Photography of any subject that did not include Gaddafi, the masses, the ubiquitous colour green, or preferably a combination of all three was also unwelcome.

Rumania's oilgate

Gabriel Ronay writes: While President Ceausescu grapples with Rumania's energy crisis – no supplies of Russian oil and dwindling national reserves – the people of the country are coping in more down-to-earth fashion. A hundred managers and key employees of the state petrol company PECO have just been arrested for theft, fraud, and maladministration of state oil resources in a complex swindle in which they helped themselves to 900,000 litres of petrol and over a million litres of oil derivatives.

According to the journal *Flacara* the PECO gang could not explain the origins of 2.3 million lei (almost £100,000) found on them at the time of their arrest or how they had financed the purchase of property worth 6 million lei from their salaries, which averaged less than £80 a month.

The arrested include pump attendants, accountants, higher paid administrative officials and station managers. A further batch of people, including depot managers, tanker drivers and mechanics have been hauled in for questioning. They cannot say how over 350,000 litres of oil and oil products went missing or where 710,000 litres of oil derivatives, found at depots around the country came from.

The method used by those arrested was fairly simple. They are accused of taking from the depots twice or three times as much petrol as shown on the invoices; delivering two star petrol instead of 4-star; mixing cheap oil derivatives with high octane petrol and selling it as 4-star; buying official petrol vouchers from motorists at knock down prices of 1-2 lei and reselling them at the going rate of 4.50 lei.

The PECO gang managed to create an independent petrol market which responded to the laws of supply and demand. From secret stores at petrol depots they directed supplies to 'fixed' PECO petrol stations in the capital and throughout 14 counties. PECO's inspectors are accused of having helped the swindle by not inspecting the company's service stations and the entire management has been charged with indifference and negligence.

It seems that the gang were caught out by their greed. They had created a special group of machanics and electricians whose job it was to adjust petrol meters so that they showed higher sales than actually pumped out. A suspicious motorist called in the law. One mechanic was found to have 200,000 lei stashed away in a mattress and in deposit accounts, 200 bottles of Scotch whisky and a suitcase full of Western cigarettes. He also owned a privately-built house and a smart new Dacia car on a monthly salary of £75.

The FBI and Seberg

Tim Gopsill writes: The suicide of the enigmatic Jean Seberg, found dead in her car in a Paris side street on Sunday, has brought the stock sad commentary, heavy with menopausal overtones, about the depression caused by a career in decline, the failure of three marriages and so on. There was good reason for Seberg's neurosis that hasn't made the British media (though it's this week's scandal in Paris); and it won't be referred to in this week's *Newsweek* either. Seberg felt that her radical activities in the late sixties had made her a target for the FBI, and documents she obtained under the Freedom of Information Act in the States proved, the feeling was not paranoia.

In 1970, gossip articles appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* and *Newsweek* to the effect that she was pregnant by a US Black Panther leader, Raymond Hewitt. At the time she *was* six months pregnant, but not, she maintained, by him; and the distress of the (unchecked) articles caused the miscarriage of baby girl, a trauma from which her then husband, French writer Romain Gary, has said she never recovered. Gary has specifically said this week that her depression was directly caused by the smear, and the documents show this was more or less what the FBI intended.

They are a series of telegrams between the FBI's Los Angeles field station and the Director (then still Hoover) in Washington, in which he clearly gives the go-ahead for a smear campaign. In one, dated 6 May 1970, he says: 'Jean Seberg has been a financial supporter of the Black Panther party and should be neutralised. Her current pregnancy while still married affords an opportunity for such effort.'

The Los Angeles plan, revealed in a telegram of 27 April 1970, ran as follows: to circulate to Hollywood gossip columnists this letter from 'a fictitious person':

> I was just thinking about you and remembered I owe you a favour, so . . . I was in Paris last week and ran into Jean Seberg, who was heavy with baby. I thought she and Romaine (*misspelt*) had gotten together again, but she confided the child belonged to the minister of the Black Panther party, Masai Hewitt. The dear girl is getting around! Anyway, I think you might scoop the others. Be good and see you soon, love, Sol.

On the basis of this tenous source, Joyce Haber of the *L.A. Times* ran a piece on 19 May. It didn't name Seberg, but its 'Miss A' couldn't have been anyone else, to those who knew the career described. Los Angeles proudly sent a cutting to Hoover on 6 June. *Newsweek* picked up the titbit, though writer Edward Behr, now Paris-based European editor, is adamant that the source was not the FBI smear. Seberg and Gary sued *Newsweek* for libel in the French courts and were awarded damages of around $30,000.

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MERSEYSIDE
Rob Rohrer

'He gave me a hell of a kick. It sent me flying.'

Police versus the people

MERSEYSIDE POLICE will face Home Office scrutiny this week during the annual visit of one of HM Inspectors of Constabulary. The inspection embarrassingly coincides with growing public disquiet over the death in custody of Huyton labourer Jimmy Kelly and extensive allegations of police brutality. Last week Chief Constable Ken Oxford reacted to calls for a government inquiry by declaring 'public regard for our service has never been higher.' Mr. James Page, the Inspector, will hear a dissenting view from some members of Merseyside's police committee.

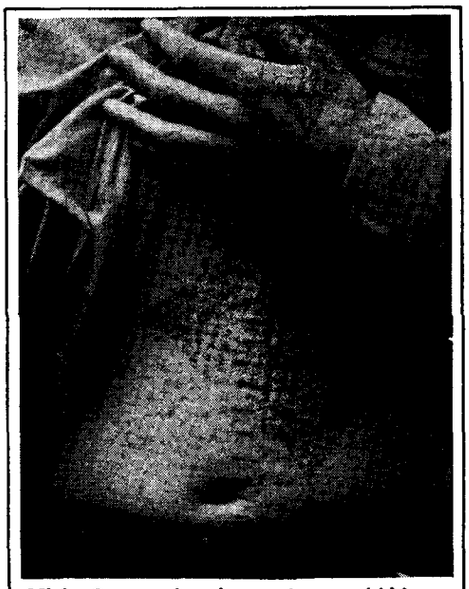
Until last month the people of one small cul-de-sac in Prescot, near Liverpool, might have agreed with the chief constable. But on 2 August the usual midnight calm of Wilson Road, a circle of pebble-dashed council houses behind tidy gardens and clipped privet hedges, was transformed into something 'more like Blackpool illuminations' by the headlights of police cars from Knowsley division. The police had been called in on consecutive nights by two families engaged in a less-than-neighbourly dispute over the noise from a new resident's party. On the first police visit to the party no one was arrested. After another argument the following night the police returned to visit the Yates family, the original complainants.

The first to be arrested was Steven Yates, a 24-year-old welder, 5 ft 6 in. tall and weighing 9 stone. He admits he fled from the police. 'I was worried about getting a belt from them,' he says. 'When they caught me they squeezed the handcuffs as tight as they could. The handcuffs were killing me.' Danny Unwin, a plumber, saw him taken to the van: 'They had him by his hair and they were kicking and punching him, I was sickened by it.' There is evidence that painful ratchet handcuffs were being used again; a month later the narrow lines are still visible on parts of Steven's wrists.

Mrs Patricia Barr, 30, a punch card operator, also saw Steven Yates: 'I saw him kicked once when he was against the car. I saw the bobby's leg go in.' Mrs Maureen Norton may have seen the same action: 'The lad had handcuffs on and one policeman brought his knee up between his legs. He just doubled up. It looked like they came looking for trouble.'

Also arrested was Mrs Betty Yates, 45, a small, cheery woman standing 4 ft 11 in. and weighing 8 stone. Her injuries included extensive bruising across her right groin and bruises on her back, arms and wrist. Mrs Yates says she was given a powerful kick in the groin by a police officer moments before her arrest: 'I'd seen my husband being dragged away and they were kicking Steven. Then they were banging the car door against him. As I ran towards the policeman he gave me a hell of a kick. It sent me flying. I thought my hysterectomy scar had opened up.' After a night of considerable pain and vomiting in Huyton cells Mrs Yates was eventually seen by a police doctor and sent by ambulance to Whiston hospital where she was detained for four days. The charges against each of the Yates family include assaulting a police officer.

Next door to the Yates' house a GPO executive officer and his wife also witnessed the trouble. 'I saw them kicking Harry Yates. Harry wasn't moving at all on the ground. They were kicking him pretty hard. I went over to a policewoman and asked "Can't you stop them?" She said: "It's not me kicking him." She had a smirk on her face, and walked away. I was absolutely shocked.' When the police vans drove off neighbours had to look after the Yates' twelve-year-old daughter Mandy, who was crying hysterically and had, the family claim, been told by police to go to bed.



Derek Massey

Micky Cavanagh, minus spleen and kidney

The Prescot raid is the fifth separate incident in a ten-week period where people have come forward to support accusations of extreme brutality against the Knowsley police. The Merseyside force, at least in its Knowsley division, is faced with a major breakdown in public confidence. 'Those police were thugs,' says Mrs Pat Barr. 'It was cowardly. I was disgusted. It was on my mind for days. You hear people saying the police do this sort of thing but I didn't believe it before.' Another neighbour, Mrs Elsie Lawrenson, 45, a teacher's assistant, says: 'We heard the screams from the people arrested. There was a gang of police. I was all for the police until this, now I don't have any respect for them.'

ELSEWHERE IN the Knowsley division more tempers flared only two weeks ago when an 18-year-old Kirkby youth lost a kidney and his spleen, and suffered several fractured ribs, after police had arrested him for illegal gambling. The youth alleges a police officer kicked him as he lay pinioned to the floor by a police woman. But the anger here is not confined to complaints of police violence; it is also over the circumstances of the raid. Kirkby is stricken with unemployment; in an area already blighted by bad housing, the jobless figures hover around 20 per cent. Amenities are sparse (the town has no cinema) and pubs and gambling are obvious palliatives. Small groups of men huddle outside betting shops and pubs shooting dice and happily contravening section 5 of the 1968 Gaming Act. The stakes would faintly amuse a Ladbroke's croupier. But unknown to the players, the gambling schools are often under surveillance by Knowsley's undercover cops.

A fortnight ago a plainclothes policewoman lurked near one group of rollers. Over her radio she signalled 'Close in' to all units, and the raid began. Micky Cavanagh ran for it. A policewoman sprinted after him and he fell to the pavement. Then, he claims, a police officer came up as he lay on the ground, and kicked him twice in the side. After more than three hours of agony in the police station – he says his appeals for a doctor were ignored – he came home in a taxi.

Cavanagh was rushed to hospital, where surgeons fought for five hours to save his left kidney. They failed, and removed it along with his spleen. Several ribs were fractured. A consultant has since said that the injuries were not caused by a fall.

POLICE RAIDS on local pubs at 11.15 for after-hours drinking, and on dice schools for illegal gaming, are an approach to law enforcement guaranteed to stoke up passions and worsen the already strained police-public relations in Kirkby. The question of which laws to enforce strictly and which to apply leniently is a matter solely for the chief constable. At present a chief constable is only partly accountable to the Home Office, even less to his police committee, and not at all to the public. Until this accountability is increased the community is at the mercy of a chief constable's attitude to law enforcement. In Kirkby it appears the force has opted for an aggressive policing stance. One high-ranking Knowsley officer quite recently admitted to a local politician that 'a bit of thumping does go on, but that's the way of life up here.'

The police perception of Knowsley's 'way of life' and its consequences for the local people may have to alter. Popular resentment, warmed by the death of Jimmy Kelly, is bubbling up. The Jimmy Kelly action committee has managed, through its role as a clearing house for complaints of police ill-treatment, to achieve a deal more credibility than Merseyside's remote police committee. For the average rate-payer the police committee's role is shrouded in mystery; as, indeed, it is for many councillors actually on the committee. Meetings are mild affairs, apart from occasional run-ins between the chief constable and the small Labour Group.

Councillor Margaret Simey, a former Labour deputy chairman of the committee, knows its limitations: 'We are simply rubber stamps. We have the right to ask for information, the chief constable has the right to refuse. We should be having discussion with the chief constable about the reasons the public are agin the police. We should say to Mr Oxford: "Never mind whether your honour is impugned, the public think the police are a lot of bastards, now what are we going to do about it?" The answer is a political one. It is not a police one. And the chief constable is in a right political pickle over Knowsley.'

BINDERS

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The character of a trimmer

HERE IS A QUESTION for anyone taking an O-level in Applied Whiggery. Which British politician has held office in every Tory administration since the war, without ever having been a member of an elected assembly – surviving a public inquiry in his first job, and a tribunal of inquiry in his third? How is it that such a man has gone on, uniquely, to be as close an adviser of Margaret Thatcher as he was of Edward Heath?

Peter Carrington, MC, sixth Baron Carrington, has become Foreign Secretary without any of the hostile clamour which greeted the appointment of the hereditary Lord Home 19 years ago. And there are perhaps few better indicators of the steady decline of our politics that Carrington, amid the sleepwalkers, eccentrics and would-be ideologues of the Thatcher administration, bears the appearance to many people of a master-statesman. What has been the making of this new power in the land – the man who is expected, somehow, to settle our relationship with Black Africa?

In truth, there is nothing very new about it. Carrington's family carved out their portion 200 years ago and have kept it together ever since, sticking with the ruling circles whatever those circles happened to be. Carrington's grandfather's grandfather, the first baron, was Robert Smith, one of the sons of Abel Smith, the Nottingham banker and borough-monger. The title was given for services rendered to Pitt, to hold off his parliamentary and pecuniary problems. Of the first Lord Carrington it was written:

> In Parliament he is uniform and uninfluenced; in private life upright and benevolent. He takes no part in active political business outside the House, from an apprehension that too much zeal might prove injurious to his domestic connections and convenience, having an extensive concern in a private bank . . . the essential constitution of which species of commerce manifestly implies the necessity for as many friends as possible . . . a valuable member of the British senate.

Granted a few changes of circumstance, the same words will do for his sixth lordship – sometime chairman of the Australian & New Zealand Bank, director of Barclays, Hambros Bank, Rio Tinto-Zinc and many other tributaries of the capitalist stream. He has kept a wide circle of friends, and he has not put too much zeal into his politics.

HE WILL DEPRECATE his aristocratic connections, as though he were just another middle-class banker at heart. And he has the advantage that he neither looks nor sounds like some of the Tomnoddies who inhabit Thatcherism's lower slopes. But where these things matter he is known to be bred true. The second Baron changed his name and married a Willoughby de Eresby, allowing their son – a pillar of the Gladstone ministry, and a man who really *was* sent out 'to govern New South Wales' – to petition the Court of Claims to allow his hereditary right through his mother to share the office of Lord Great Chamberlain. In every third reign this hereditary flunkeydom still comes to the Carringtons.

After the war Lord Carrington (he had inherited the title in 1938, aged 19) clearly did not want to sit around waiting for a reign in which he could be Lord Great Chamberlain. Politics was the thing. Like Harold Macmillan he knew the value of a Brigade tie in the Tory Party. Young, personable peers were a rarity among the hereditary Lords of those days; he made his mark. When Churchill formed his 1951 administration there was a place in it for Carrington. His great-uncle had run agriculture for Campbell-Bannerman. He became the parliamentary secretary in the same ministry.

Camera Press

Survival of a trimmer: Carrington with Heath, Carrington with Thatcher

Keystone

Here he was caught up in a disaster which, simply, would have finished a House of Commons politician – Crichel Down. What was at issue was whether the minister and his two under-secretaries had checked out the truth of what their civil servants had told them about the circumstances in which the former owners of Crichel Down had sold it to the government, and why it was considered they could not buy it back.

At one point Carrington himself was sent down to do the checking, when it was clear that Commander Marten was seeking urgently to buy the land back. The public inquiry, which roasted the wretched civil servants involved, was lenient with Carrington. In the House of Commons Sir Richard Acland wondered why:

> What does Lord Carrington do . . . he makes every single one of the mistakes alleged to have been made by the underling Brown. And what a difference in the report. Two-and-a-half pages of ridicule and contempt are poured out upon this little man, this newcomer to the Service . . . whereas the QC speaks of Lord Carrington only in a single paragraph of nine lines, in the course of which I find words to this effect; 'he did not visit any of the adjoining owners, for some reason which I did not appreciate.'

The Minister, Dugdale, resigned; Carrington's offer of resignation was refused by Churchill. He was moved over to a parliamentary secretaryship at the Ministry of Defence, where he did his enthusiastic best to make our armed forces ready for the Suez fiasco.

NEW WORLDS now beckoned, under Harold Macmillan. The next best thing to governing New South Wales was the post of British High Commissioner in Australia. Carrington secured it at the age of 37, and began to build up that network of political and banking contacts with Australia which he has used to effect ever since. Three years later he was back, even higher in the Pantheon, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to endure a second ordeal by inquiry. The Vassall case had fanned sensational stories in the press that one minister might have had an improper relationship with Vassall, whilst another – Carrington – might have been dilatory in uncovering the spy in his ministry following the exposure of the Portland spy ring eighteen months before. Both men were completely cleared. The Radcliffe Tribunal turned into a bruising inquisition for the press. Lord Carrington attended only one session, at which he received with icy formality a grovelling apology on behalf of the journalists who had maligned him.

Those who thought him testy over the whole affair overlooked his unfamiliary with the casual cruelties of adversarial politics. To him, politics is an agreeable pursuit, the reconciliation of interests, the avoidance of crisis. He was to spend ten years as Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, on either side of the Heath administration. It was not so taxing as to constrain his burgeoning directorships – not just the family nose for banking, but Cadbury Schweppes, Rio Tinto-Zinc and the Associated Metal Corporation as well. He will be able to tell the delegates at Lancaster House that he knows southern Africa well – through the eyes of an international banker.

It is untrue, however, to suppose that he neglected his duty as leader of the Tory peers. It is in no small part due to him that the Lords have survived two Labour governments, in the second of which they did immense harm, with their powers unimpaired. Carrington is an enthusiast for reforms that will provide a

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strengthened second chamber, elected by proportional representation. But in the sixties, facing a massive Labour majority in the Commons, he had to keep his own troops quiet and parley with the enemy about all-party reform. In this he had the enthusiastic support of his Labour opponent, the (hereditary) Lord Shackleton, one of his greatest admirers.

Carrington clearly believes with Lord Halifax (*The character of a Trimmer*) that the way for Princes to keep power is not to grasp more than they can hold. In the discussions with Richard Crossman he kept hold of all that the Lords could still claim to grasp, until the threat had passed. He charmed Crossman with artless gossip about the deliberations of the Shadow Cabinet, and dinner parties at Ovington Square. 'Eddie and I (and) Peter . . . have really become quite a band of brothers', Crossman confided fondly to his tape-recorder. Eleven years later, the Lords have been neither reformed nor abolished, and Carrington can do with them what he will. The Trimmer has triumphed.

He is the kind of minister civil servants like. He goes out of his way to acknowledge them. He listens to what they have to say, often taking the views verbally rather than through lengthy memoranda. If the advice he is now giving Mrs Thatcher about Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is not very different from what David Owen would have given her, that is because it is the Foreign Office view. In addition to his relative isolation in the Lords he has been further protected by the fact that his three longest stints as a minister have all been at Defence, where – as one of his successors puts it 'they will love you if you put up a good show in the mess, and forget you the day you leave.'

There is no evidence of Carrington ever querying the line of his civil servants. He would read out their briefs, and add engaging anecdotes of his own. He would never tear them up. Although he is credited with pulling Mrs Thatcher back into line over Rhodesia, following her disastrous Australian *gaffe* about sanctions, we await a true example of independent judgment by the Foreign Secretary.

HIS LAST SERVICE to Mr Heath in that regard hardly inspires confidence. In 1974 Carrington (at that time also Chairman of the Conservative Party) was suddenly brought out of the Ministry of Defence to be Secretary of State for Energy. He had already argued strongly for an early election, whilst Heath had held back.

Then, in the lull in which proposals were being made to refer the miners' case to a new Relativities Board, hostilities commenced. In the words of Douglas Hurd – now one of Carrington's ministers of state –

> Enraged by an announcement from Lord Carrington . . . that coal stocks might permit us to move from a three to a four day working week, the miners went straight for a ballot among their members for a strike. This transformed the situation.

Carrington got the election he had wanted, and Heath paid the penalty. Neither for his advice in cabinet, nor for the performance of the party machine, did anyone seek to blame Carrington. He went back effortlessly to the Leadership of the Lords, the City jobs, and the enjoyment of the two million pounds-worth of agricultural land which his family has held for centuries near Princes Risborough.

From time to time, proposals to develop part of this land are reported in the press. Lord Carrington felt moved to write to *The Times* in 1974 to explain that one such proposal – to sell 140 acres to the local authority – would 'after making some provision for my children' devote most of the proceeds to a charitable trust 'with environmental improvement as one of its main objectives'. Students of land development in these more relaxed days will watch the future of the trust with interest.

Carrington's wealth is his to enjoy. He is not, other Tory magnates will say, all *that* rich. But now a series of accidents – the disintegration of Maudling, the fatal illness of John Davies, the electoral blunders of Francis Pym – have brought him to the Foreign Office, and we are bound to ask: what is he all about? The preservation, naturally, of a certain kind of England, with all that implies in the distribution of wealth and power, together with a banker's-eye view of the world. It is, these days, the best that the ruling class can provide – and merely because, in this pudding-time of our politics, it looks superior to Mrs Thatcher's impulsive romanticism, it should not be over-estimated. The half-intuitive skills that will suffice to outwit Crossman-style 'reformers' are unlikely to make much impression upon the bloody realities of African power-struggles. The best to be expected from Carrington and his like is not a creative re-ordering of Britain's relationship with the world – but just possibly, a slow realisation that the chief threat to the stability of their own pleasant circumstances arises from the rash and impulsive leader they have selected. At that point Carrington may turn out to be more Whig than Tory.

THORPE'S TRIALS
Peter Chippindale & David Leigh

Fleet Street's muted 'last word' on the Jeremy saga

Exit, pursued by a lawyer

Jeremy Thorpe: A Secret Life by LEWIS CHESTER, MAGNUS LINKLATER, DAVID MAY *Fontana* £1.50

THE MOST INTERESTING point about the *Sunday Times* book on Jeremy Thorpe, on the streets today, is that it is being published at all. After the Old Bailey verdict most of the British media junked years of expensive investigation, printed curt backgrounders, and cut their losses.

As the NEW STATESMAN has already shown there was no need for this to be done. In fact the course of the trial, the evidence that was uncontested, and the various admissions by Thorpe and his three co-defendants, should have put more onus on journalists to sort out for their readers exactly what there was to be learnt from the baffling mixture of fact, rhetoric, and 'right to silence'.

The *Sunday Times*, of course, had no choice. With the paper closed a decision was made long before the trial that the book would be published whatever the verdict. Has it emerged as the final triumph of Fleet Street's fearless investigators or – as some will doubtless have it – the last throw of a vicious and intrusive newspaper campaign which has ruined a man already, and is now proposing to dance on his grave?

It emerges as neither of these things. For all its 384 pages with three full-time authors, the book does not tell the whole story of this bizarre affair any more than its predecessors *The Pencourt File* and *The Thorpe Committal*.

In fairness, it must be said that things have got no easier for Thorpe authors. The pawmarks of the libel lawyer are again all over the pages, responsible (presumably) for some of the coy and tortured phraseology.

Fear of libel must also be responsible for the failure to grasp certain nettles. The book does not venture an opinion on whether Thorpe did ever have sex with Scott, although the evidence is there for the plain man to brood over. It does record what few outside the lawcourts, Fleet Street and Westminster have so far been told: that Scott was not the only person to make allegations of a homosexual nature about Thorpe (there were at least two others) and that the Liberal Party hierarchy was awash with stories of Thorpe's homosexuality as far back as 1967 when he was made leader.

It does not explain that some of the other participants in the story are homosexual. It does not even try to tell the full story of the farcical events at the National Liberal Club. The former member of the Royal Family (Lord Snowdon) whose peripheral involvement with the Thorpe circle caused such desperate embarrassment in court, is still not named.

MORE SERIOUSLY, no attempt is made to probe the way evidence was marshalled for the DPP's least impressive hour. Why, for example, was Dennis Meighan, the man who gave Newton the gun, not brought in person to testify and help the court shed light on what must have been an important transaction? Ground broken in the NEW STATESMAN is turned over again with an account of what went on in the jury-room. But who has censored out the fact that the jury considered adding a rider to its verdict, and were unanimous they could have convicted all the defendants on a lesser charge than murder?

Lord Goodman, the famous lawyer, figures throughout the story as a confidant of Thorpe in his business and personal melodramas. But the way he was dragged into the London and Counties debacle is glossed over. And who but another libel lawyer could have helped compose this particular willingness to wound but not to strike?

> His friendship with newspaper editors and proprietors meant that his advice was listened to with respect even though this advice tended more towards the withholding of information than its dissemination . . .

The nature of Goodman's advice to Thorpe remains secret, but one can only conclude that he had nothing to do with the events that followed since they were so contrary to legal ethics that a lawyer of Goodman's standing would never have condoned them.

The three authors have put together much detail. Bessell's early wheeling and dealing, much of it borrowed money from embarrassed

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Liberals, makes a hair-raising story. If ever there was a cautionary tale about trusting the ethics and morals of an MP, Peter Bessell undoubtedly must take the first prize.

The documentation of Scott importuning in the early days puts Thorpe in a rather sympathetic light – he was certainly led a tremendous dance and apparently tried to be kind. But what psychological insight there is draws heavily on Susan Barnes' 1974 colour magazine profile of Thorpe – the most dog-eared cutting of Fleet Street's libraries. There are also some strange mistakes. Gerald Caplan, fugitive boss of London and Counties, never even pretended to be a Liberal, and the account of Sir John Waldron's operations when, as Metropolitan Police Commissioner, he helped Thorpe to bamboozle his fellow-Liberals, simply does not make sense as the *Sunday Times* tell it. (The way Waldron adjusted Thorpe's cover-story before giving it clearance, was disentangled in the NS 13 July). And no doubt the libel lawyer again is responsible for the fact that the various conspiracy theories which surrounded the case are limply dismissed, without any attempt to discuss the way in which they affected its development.

But the biggest disappointment, and it is difficult to tell how much the lawyers are responsible, is the flat, unfocused tone, the failure to draw out the issues involved. This is of course a peril of the instant book market. Speed of publication takes precedence over everything else. Nevertheless, the benefit of hindsight and the space available should give the opportunity to go further than a mere recital of tolerably well known facts. There are no conclusions drawn; there is no analysis of the *mores* of British political life; and there is no coherent explanation of the way the British press conducted itself throughout the affair. We are supposed to be the watchdogs; do we bark?

FROM THE START the Thorpe problem was a sticky one for the newspapers. The editors and senior lobby men fancy that the way the mighty butter them up is a form of friendship which ought to be – and usually is – repaid in its turn with a form of loyalty. The club atmosphere, reinforced by the honours system, means that senior newspaper men are often at loggerheads with the more irreverent reporters on the ground. Furthermore there is a natural reluctance to pillory a man for his sexual antics alone. The 'quality papers' take a gentlemanly view of what politicians do in bed; the pops feel they need to dress it up in the threadbare guise of a 'security risk' before feeding their readers' prejudices with lascivious details. (When ordinary members of the public swim into their ken the attitude is moderately different.)

This deferential and self-censoring caution, in contrast to the rumbustious attitude of the American and Continental press, ran right through the Thorpe affair. Despite Thorpe's tear-jerking performances about being hounded by the press, there were a number of occasions when Scott's complaints about Thorpe broke surface and could have gone straight into print. They did not. Lord Jacobson, of the Mirror group, was presented with a dossier in 1974:

> Jacobson, in consultation with his legal department . . . decided . . . they should be returned to Thorpe, who was a personal friend.

The underground compost of rumour, trickery and scandal, which included some unsavoury financial practices, swelled and heated. The public was never told a word. One perpetual complaint of senior Liberals when party funding was eventually probed was that similar investigations into the other two parties would produce all sorts of strange goings-on. It sometimes seems, and it is the impression reinforced by this book, that there is very little the British press considers to be worth investigation.

Finally the smell grew so bad the lid was lifted – but only after Scott had been threatened by a gunman. With Harold Wilson accidentally confusing the issue on behalf of his friend the hunt was on. The popular papers then announced a series of sensations which looked to many people like an attack on homosexuality. The qualities trailed along in their wake, only rarely emerging with new material. The Thorpe camp counter-attacked

Thorpe and Bessell. Thorpe holds the umbrella

with the weapons put into their hands – the libel laws, including criminal libel; a willing audience for deeply misleading statements, and personal friendships with powerful men in Fleet Street. Anti-homosexual bigots; South Africans; Trotskyists – all were labels pinned on any journalist who did try to separate the truth from the miasma of lies.

Sometimes the labels were stuck on by their own employers. Penrose and Courtiour, after enraging Thorpe and ministers such as David Ennals with their inquiries, found themselves derided by their colleagues and out of work. The story was obviously too much for the BBC to handle. The Director-General, Charles Curran is quoted in the book in a sentence which summed up establishment attitudes: 'The story seemed to be turning into a semi-criminal investigation . . . I was not interested in pushing Jeremy Thorpe further down the hole.'

THE *SUNDAY TIMES* itself has a good record for trying to find things out and printing the results. But its own rather uncertain course in the Thorpe affair, charted here with a little candour, shows how powerful men expect, as a matter of course, to be able to manipulate the British press.

Following the Prime Minister's naive tirade against South Africa in the Commons, Harold Evans, editor of the *Sunday Times*, obtained a personal interview with Thorpe at his Orme Square home. Thorpe assured Evans there had only been 'purely formal' letters between him and Scott, and the relationship obviously developed well enough for Thorpe to let Evans have a bombastic statement – 'The Lies of Norman Scott' – which the paper duly printed. Thorpe's mendacity 'was not evident to the newspaper at the time'.

Nor, the book points out, was it evident to Bruce Page, now editor of the NEW STATESMAN, then in charge of an 'Insight' investigation published the same day. Thorpe was defending himself vigorously via Evans and smearing his opponents; Page dug away and found (how true) that Scott and Bessell were not exactly two people to be trusted. 'Thorpe was delighted with the Insight article', the book says '. . . . it was flawed by misjudgment about the relationships'.

The coup boomeranged. Bessell, enraged, started to sing much louder. Scott egged on by other newspapers sued the police for the return of his letters. Thorpe became it seems over-confident about Evans's loyalties. Evans recorded his 'serious doubt . . . about the honesty of Jeremy Thorpe'.

But Thorpe made one last effort to exploit what he plainly fancied was a special relationship. The 'Bunnies letters' were going to come out anyway, so he would try defusing them. An extraordinary meeting took place where so many extraordinary meetings of influential folk have taken place — in Lord Goodman's office.

THOSE CONFERRING were the leader of the Liberal Party, the editor of the *Sunday Times*, Lord Goodman and Thorpe's financial factotum Robin Salinger. Goodman offered the *Sunday Times* the letters to print, provided they were 'not presented in a blatantly hostile way'. Salinger wanted certain awkward bits omitted. Evans refused to cut the letters, but agreed to the demand that they should be presented in an un-hostile context.

There was now, as the book records, some conflict inside the *Sunday Times*. Page, having interviewed Thorpe, thought that the letters ought to be printed in the context of an article stating that Thorpe had once had homosexual tendencies. Evans decided to delete the material; it would have breached 'the undertaking he had given in their private meeting to Thorpe and Goodman'. The existence of this secret undertaking was unknown to Evans's staff at the time: the book at last discloses it to a wider audience.

Evans, in his own view, was justified by events, for more publication of the letters finished Thorpe as Liberal leader. Page, also, was justified, in that Thorpe's 'tendencies' had finally to be admitted. Not that homosexuality, as such, was the central issue – much as Thorpe's supporters tried to suggest it was. The real issue was whether Thorpe was a liar – whether he possessed the minimal probity necessary in a Privy Councillor.

Men like Thorpe, and his supporter Sir James Goldsmith (who also dislikes what he calls the 'see-through society') expect newspapers to be useful to them. When things are otherwise, they can use threats, privileged access, or legal actions to alter the odds. They can even set up as proprietors themselves. Sometimes, as Thorpe found with the *Sunday Times*, it's possible to grasp a fair-sized tiger by the tail. But with so many pussy-cats around, the error was understandable.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Government plans for an ignorant DES and bitter local disputes

Washing their hands of education

IN FIVE MONTHS the Thatcher Government has done more that will radically change the structure and direction of our education system than the last Labour Government even got near to in five years.

The reduction in public spending is only half the story. The second aim of this Government is to change the power structure of education – giving decision-making back to the local authorities. Or so it claims. The latest move in this process of educational devolution is the publication of the Department of the Environment's White Paper listing briefly those powers over local authority decisions which central government intends to repeal or amend. The White Paper is a mix of common sense and political hypocrisy. It is also further evidence of the Government's real intention – to ensure (more through the Environment ministry than the Education one) that it maintains rather than relinquishes control of the way the education system will operate and what benefits it gives to which sections of the public.

Thirteen changes are proposed in educational decision-making. They are set down in detail in a DES consultative letter sent out to interested groups for comments by the end of this month. No consumer groups were asked to comment.

The most controversial proposal alters the procedure for closing or changing the character (e.g. selective to non-selective) of a school. Local education authorities will still have to continue to publish notice of their intentions and wait two months while objections can be made. But if there are no objections, the LEA can go ahead without having to get the approval of the Secretary of State. Now it is highly improbable that a school closure will not be opposed locally. So most closure schemes will continue to go to the Secretary of State. And since most schemes get approved (only three out of a hundred don't), little seems to be changing.

BUT THE crux of the proposal is that the Education Secretary will be able to return a contested proposal to the LEA and tell it to decide for itself.

There would in effect be no outside appeals procedure for objectors and LEAs would be able to approve their own schemes. Not only will the chance of stopping a closure lengthen, but the opportunity to amend a closure scheme will go too. The sort of proposals to be decided in this way will only emerge in practice. But they are likely to relate more to individual schools up for closure than, say, a group of inner city schools being amalgamated to cope with a declining school population.

With no outside arbiter, local communities are sure to make closure battles more bitter. They will find it harder to accept a decision made solely by the LEA. In turn, LEAs will find it more difficult politically and actually to effect a closure.

A second proposal aims to stop up a legal loophole for parents unhappy with the school their child has been allocated. Currently, parents can keep a child away from school until (in time) the LEA issues a school attendance order. This enables the parents to name the school of their own choosing. Although most parents who do hold out in this way get the school they want, it's a long drawn out and damaging fight for a consumer right that can have dubious consequences. A simpler, quicker and fairer procedure is long overdue. What the Government wants may not fill the bill.

It has suggested local independent appeals tribunals to decide the thousand or so cases which go annually to the Education Secretary for a ruling or end up the school attendance order way. The crucial questions of membership and powers for these tribunals have yet to be worked out. But if the Education Secretary is not prepared to issue national guidelines on school admissions and parental choice or be a final arbiter in extreme cases, the present inequalities (and in some cases, iniquities) in the 104 local admissions policies will persist.

The White Paper also proposes to lift the restrictions on LEAs wanting to pay for places at private schools or to assist the schools themselves. This move, combined with the introduction of the assisted places scheme, means the Government plans to divert an extra £100 million plus of public money into the private sector.

Further proposals include relieving the Education Secretary of his power to insist that an LEA provides free transport for pupils to and from school or clothing for physical education; to ensure that local recreational facilities are adequate; and to monitor and approve certain school building projects. The latter may be no bad thing. In the past, an LEA has been severely limited in its scope to give approval to building projects. Unfortunately, Government policy will ensure that while the right to build is there, the money certainly won't be.

THE OFFICIAL REASON offered for these changes is that they will 'give local authorities more choice and flexibility and allow them to become more efficient in their use of money and manpower'. But a well-developed sense of local democracy is not the basis for this White Paper. The true reason lies, in part, in the proposed reduction in civil service manpower. And it is clear from the confidential document prepared by the major Government departments, and leaked last week in *Building Design*, that relaxing central government controls is an integral part of the plan to cut civil servants by between 10 and 20 per cent.

The confidential document sets out the consequences if cuts of 10, 15 and 20 per cent were made. For the DES, a 10 per cent cut would mean less intervention in secondary reorganisation (e.g. checking how comprehensive is a comprehensive reorganisation scheme); less advice and service on building development, fire, health and safety, catering and educational technology; less detailed statistics on education; less efficient payment of teachers' pensions; a poorer service to the Council of Europe, the OECD and the Social Science Research Council (already hit by financial cutbacks); simplifying building controls for schools and universities.

Additional cuts of 15 or 20 per cent would create a 'serious loss of services' in nursery education, schools, higher and further education. There would be even greater disengagement by the DES from decisions and advice about, and the monitoring of, educational provision, especially in further education. Both the FE Curriculum Review and Development Unit and the FE Information Service would go – reducing still more the service to the vulnerable 16 to 19 age group.

In short, the Department would know increasingly less about how the education system was operating and would be in a weakening position to exert any influence on it. The document refers to 'real dangers of inefficiency and resentment' – and while that means within the civil service, the effect on schools will be the same. Such cuts would sweep away much more than waste and bureaucracy.

LEAs ARE NOT of course displeased by the planned changes. For example, many have pressed for the right to ditch the school meals service and the free transport obligation. Few will regret the proposed anti-consumer changes for closing schools or the attempt to simplify the complaints procedure for school allocations. The interests of pupils and their parents have so far been ignored by Government and LEAs. In exchange for a less well financed and more selective system, the Government is offering parents more information about schools (likely to become an exercise in 'what your local school doesn't provide') and a local appeals procedure for parents opposed to a school allocation. It's more robbery than exchange.

In turn, LEAs discuss the merits of a shortened school day to save transport and meals costs – and implement changes without consulting those most affected (pupils and their working parents). Parents in Staffordshire have been the first to realise just what it means – over a year's less schooling for a child between the age of 8 and 13 – and are fighting back.

MORE generally, such lack of consultation precludes any opportunity to arrive at an agreed set of priorities for educational provision. For example, one LEA chief has said that his authority could have provided nursery schooling for all who need it for the cash it had to use to bring adequately protected buildings in line with new health and safety regulations. The point is well made. And what is missing from the present Government's major overhaul of the education system is any sense of educational priorities. The basis for the mauling is the reduction of public expenditure and not the improvement of educational opportunity and standards. The running has been made by cut-happy, Tory-controlled local authority associations.

It is unlikely that a future Labour Government will be prepared to restore all the services now being abolished. Certainly, Labour opposition to what is going on has been less than deafening. It can fill the vacuum in two ways. Establish a widely-canvassed set of socialist priorities for educational provision. State precisely and unequivocally what it will restore and what Tory innovations it will abolish. The present excesses may be curbed if the shape of a future Labour education system were known.

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Television's high-technology warfare

GUS MACDONALD analyses the bizarre industrial ecology of the ITV strike – where a 'capitalist union' led by left-wingers battles against companies looking nervously ahead to the next great franchise auction.

Michael Bennett

FIVE WEEKS AGO – just before the ITV screens went dark – viewers caught a rare glimpse of a man who, judged by his members' wage-packets, may be the most successful negotiator in the union movement. On the latest company calculations Jack O'Connor, television organiser of the Association of Cinematograph and Television Technicians (ACTT) has 5,500 members in ITV earning an average of £8,800 yearly. Some of his technical grades, they say, gross up to £15,000 and a fortunate few even top £20,000.

Normally, a five-week strike involving a major industry – and one with no end in sight – would be a matter of saturation coverage. The silence in which a large chunk of the British cultural system has been shut down tells us something about the extent to which newspapers have abandoned much basic news-presentation to television (how can there be a strike without strikers' faces on TV?) and something about the uneasy shame which Fleet Street now brings to the coverage of anyone else's labour relations. But of course it is also the case that neither side to the dispute in this exceptionally well-padded industry is particularly anxious to have its finances publicly discussed.

The 15 independent television companies have of course been an easy touch, with their monopoly of TV advertising, handsome profits, and perishable product. Conscious of the latent hostility of fellow trade-unionists to such high earnings, Jack O'Connor has for years kept ACTT's bargaining achievements under wraps, ducking all TV interviews and press briefings. It was a policy the companies did not dispute.

The past year or so O'Connor and his shop committee spent profitably negotiating their way, company by company, through the tangle of national agreements, local customs and special practices – to regain some of the ground lost when pay restraint ruled and ITV profits rose to levels which Lew Grade could only describe as 'sensational'. Then came the summer's engagement over a new national agreement.

It started traditionally enough as a wrestle over percentages, with the companies offering nine per cent, the unions pitching for 25, and a settlement expected in between. But the possibility of a strike which could endure to Christmas makes it clear that, suddenly, something more than a few percentage points has been brought into issue. The reasons lie in the mysterious ecology of the TV industry, and the fact that the great powers within it have long been ripe for conflict, like the nations in 1914: the preconditions for warfare were described by Jeremy Bugler in the NS just over a year ago ('TV's Industrial Relations Minefield', 25 August 1978).

The unions are now convinced that the companies deliberately provoked a confrontation, in order to weaken them nationally and disarm the shop-floor activists in advance of the billion-pound public auction of ITV franchises due in 1980, and the subsequent struggle for Fourth Channel airtime in 1982. Although 6,000 NATTKE* members from the non-technical staff, and a battalion of tough electricians are lined up beside them, the militant cadres of the ACTT have no doubt that they are the employers' chief target.

Conspiracy is probably no more present than it was in 1914. The companies say they are merely fed up with constant disruption at local level, where executives hired to make programmes are run ragged in labour-relations rows, and demoralised by destruction of ambitious enterprises – together with the inhibitions of overmanning, the internecine conflict between ACTT staff and freelances, and the whole industry's inability to catch up with international use of new, lightweight electronic equipment. Now that the opportunity presents itself, the companies seem ready to have a final sort-out, even if it takes till 1980. Early in the negotiations a majority of the Big Five (ATV, Granada, LWT, Thames and Yorkshire) favoured an offer close to the 15 per cent now on the table. Nine per cent, they thought, would merely inflame the shops. But the smaller companies argued that they had been taken too often to the cleaners by O'Connor and his irregulars, paying up to 25 per cent extra for 'productivity' and for undelivered 'goodwill'. And this was against a background of what – in television – passes for economic travail, with projections of the increase in advertising revenue dropping from 30 per cent in 1977 to 20 in 1978, and only 10 in 1980. NATTKE and the electricians actually recommended acceptance of the companies' 'final' offer, only to be overturned by their members. Union efforts to turn the screw while negotiations continued caused blackouts to be met with lockouts: when on 10 August, the screens went blank, it was the result of cock-up rather than conspiracy.

Both sides are increasingly aware of the astonishing changes which will, inside a decade, alter the whole ecology of British broadcasting. But to understand the nuances of the dispute, outsiders require to understand more about the inhabitants of the electronic village which is ITV.

It's not just earnings and profits which set them apart. Where else would a militant shop steward (Gavin Waddell of LWT) state passionately that 'the only real hope for the British working class is a Conservative government', then go on to announce that his members would bid for the company's franchise – while remaining willing to hire some of the senior management 'subject to interview'? Where else would a left wing general secretary (Alan Sapper of ACTT) be found in the middle of a dispute denouncing Special Patrol Groups and the lack of freedom in the British press, just after declaring ACTT to be 'a capitalist union'?

PARADOX IS ENDEMIC to ACTT, and helps explain its awesome vigour. Founded in the thirties to combat banditry in the film business, it was created by a core of leftists, including distinguished communist film-makers like Sidney Cole, Ralph Bond and Ivor Montagu. Almost sinking, it was baled out by Sidney Bernstein (founder of Granada), then a cinema tycoon. Lew Grade, boss of ATV, did so much to raise wages that on retirement he might have been made an honorary member of ACTT. The union has organised television from studio floor almost to board level, and its picket lines are stiff with producers and Heads of Department.

The leadership is well to the left, but most members will not even pay the Labour Party levy. The union is ultra democratic, and some of the most militant stewards are Conservatives. At a discussion prior to the present dispute, one shop committee were at pains to state that their attitudes were purely economic, and not political. 'In fact', said one of them, looking round the table, 'there's probably not one of us here who is a socialist.' 'Just a minute', said the Controller under attack. 'I'm a socialist.'

Management's sociology is equally curious. This hugely profitable industry is now run, not by businessmen and accountants, but by former programme makers and journalists. (Chairman of LWT, John Freeman, formerly editor of the NS; chairman of Granada, Sir Denis Forman, one of the original ITV producers; Paul Fox of Yorkshire, former editor

*National Association of Theatrical, Television and Kine Employees.

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Brigid Plowden of the IBA , Sultana of ITV's Empire, with the chieftains of her five biggest satrapies: Forman of Granada, Freeman of LWT, Cowgill of Thames, Windlesham of ATV and Fox of Yorkshire.

of *Panorama*; Bryan Cowgill of Thames, former sports producer at the BBC; David Plowright, managing director of Granada, former editor of *World in Action*; Charles Denton, controller at ATV, former documentary director; Michael Grade, controller at LWT, former light-entertainment producer; Jeremy Wallington of Southern, former editor of *World in Action*, and so on.)

Over the past ten years the Independent Broadcasting Authority has quietly encouraged the eclipse of the businessman and the promotion of people whose prime interest was making programmes. Three consequences followed. The 'programme men' were slow to intuit that their own creative enthusiasm was no longer contagious in an increasingly aged and crabbed industry. And, as television became more 'industrialised' – a process exacerbated by Whitehall's pay policies – their belief that disputes could be resolved at 'personal' level, and their distaste for labour-relations 'bureacracy' left companies ill-equipped to deal with complex, multiplying claims. Just now, in the view of one union official turned company trouble-shooter, ITV labour relations 'are 20 years out of date'.

In complaining (the words of a managing director) that there is not a single programme maker in the ACTT negotiating team, television's executives tend to forget the First Rule of Labour Relations: never take it personally.

The final consequence is that the harassment of programme production and the inhibition of ambitious ideas has roused in ITV management a sense of righteous wrath which is the cement in the hard front they now present.

ONCE, THE PROGRAMME MANAGERS felt they could go straight to the top in ACTT and get a hearing from Sapper or O'Connor on projects which might need unusual crewing, or the bending of rules – and Head Office writ would run. Now, they say, decision-making has devolved to technicians who are unmoved by arguments about social importance and creative risk. The management's demands are, in effect, a call for the centre to re-assert itself:

1. Matters affecting all three unions must be negotiated jointly.
2. Settlements must be ratified by all three memberships before return to work.
3. A long-term settlement must not lead to local claims.
4. Unions must confirm nationally and locally that companies can use staff in accordance with *national agreements.*

This would arrest the wage drift which has left technicians in some companies thousands of pounds a year better off than their equivalents elsewhere. But it seems unlikely that any union would agree to institutionalise such inequities – a Second Law of Labour Relations is that all wages tend towards the highest existing ceiling.

Company spokesmen dismiss the Fourth Channel as a factor, but there are two further management demands which, if accepted, would ease the ITV giants' passage into it; namely, less punishing payments for shift work, and agreement for use of Electronic New Gathering (ENG) in all companies.

Times are changing, which explains the urgency of these demands. At present, the BBC has a monopoly of licence fees, and ITV has a monopoly of advertising. Market mechanisms barely operate: ITV companies don't sell programmes to the public, they sell air-time to advertisers. In periods of high demand, low-rating programmings mean that advertisers have to buy more space to reach their audiences: free of price restraint, Southern has just hiked its rates by 53 per cent.

The Fourth Channel, under IBA control, will still have enough 'public service ethic' to prevent a US-style ratings war despite Tory free-marketeers. But perhaps as much as a thousand hours a year will go to 'independents' who will challenge ITV programme-making practice. As the least of the threats offered by the 80s, it's enough to unsettle unions and companies alike.

THE ITV 'FACTORIES' each employ up to 2,000 people in a complex of studios. Capacity can only be raised, short-term, by shift-working. But skilled staff are scarce, and training – after 20 years – scarcely occurs. By redeployment and use of advanced technology, the companies might just cope. The alternatives are to expand the already dismal factories – with still more technicians locked into rostered work-patterns and alienating divisions of labour – or watch the small independents grab a larger share of the action.

Existing tensions inside the factories could produce a haemorrhage of creative talent into the Fourth Channel. Already the BBC and some parts of ITV have trouble finding drama chieftains: life at the top is increasingly nasty, brutish and short on laughs. Drama producers are buying expensive liberty by evacuating television in favour of the Film Production Agreement. This allows Thames' subsidiary Euston Films, and ATV's Black Lion Films to work with hard-driving, top-class freelance crews. Major talents like Jeremy Isaacs, Ken Trodd, Denis Potter and Mark Shivas have formed independent production companies: scores of producers and directors are bracing themselves to jump off the top of their pension schemes.

The unions, in parallel, worry about how to monitor the present television agreement in a fragmented independent sector, which will somehow use the new equipment even if it remains blacked inside the big companies. Perhaps both sides have lived too long together, linked symbiotically inside the cocoon of the ITV monopoly. Certainly, it was a sense of shared interest which led the ACTT to oppose Labour's plans for an Open Broadcasting Authority – and demand that the Fourth Channel be given to the employers against whom they are now striking.

(That policy was overthrown by a freelance-led revolt at the union's annual conference.) Cracks are appearing at the very moment when self-interest suggests a presentable common front: approaching are the critical weeks when the IBA sifts options, and builds models of the Fourth Channel for Home Office approval.

The Authority prefers not to intervene in labour relations. But it has been appalled by revelations about the 'old Spanish customs' inside television. And additionally, some of the programmes destroyed by disputes were among those most highly-regarded by the IBA: commercial television, a monopoly controlled by an increasingly vigilant public body, will not be allowed to go the way of Fleet Street and thought will be given, if necessary, to a *cordon sanitaire* to protect the new channel from infection. Those who want franchises renewed in 1980 will be well-advised to clean-up their act. And union demands for a resumption of ITV service – in the public interest – will be met with a stony stare from Lady Plowden at IBA HQ.

WHAT ARE THE OTHER pressure points? Union arithmetic says that £35m. of advertising revenue has been lost so far – some irretrievably – but two-thirds of that would have gone anyway in levy to the Exchequer. Ths government will not be moved for the sake of a little revenue, and has other good reasons to stand aside. 'Alan Sapper's problem', says one company man, 'is that he thinks we still have a Labour government' – whereas the truth is that even Jim Prior, the 'Tory socialist', supports a firm stand.

In Thatcherite terms, it makes good, indeed unavoidable sense. 'Here we have the highest-paid workforce in the country, sensible chaps most of them. No redundancy threats, a rosy future – if they can't be got to accept an offer, from rich companies, for technical change and higher productivity, then what hope is there for Tory strategy elsewhere?'

In this sense, the dispute has a greater significance for the Labour movement than the blackout of the workers' favourite channel. But given fraternal jealousy of TV salaries, and the unlikelihood of a convincing coalition between the electricians' Frank Chapple on the right and Alan Sapper on the further left, it will be hard to arouse any crusading spirit.

Across the class divide, advertising agencies may squeal, and even die, for loss of commis-

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Some ITV salaries

Grade	Basic rate £	Actual pay 1978/79* £	After 15% offer £
TV cameraman	3775-5858	7500	8700
Engineer	3775-6796	9200	10672
Graphics	3775-6796	8200	9512
Researchers	3775-5411	7000	8120
Transmission controller	4087-6218	9700	11252
Vision mixer	3899-5163	6300	7308
Producer/ Programme director	6406-8556	11300	13108
Film cameraman	7264	12600	14616
Film editor	5779	9100	10556

Figures supplied by the ITV companies. The companies claim that from the introduction of pay policy in 1975 to April 1979, average earnings for ACTT, NATTKE and EETPU have increased by 72.3 per cent against an increase in retail price index of 65.9 per cent.

**Does not include full benefit of local deals done during past year or agreed since April.*

Profits of the Big Five

	1975/76 £m	1978/79 £m	Growth %
Thames	2.93	8.65	+195
Granada	3.22	8.01	+149
Yorkshire/ Tyne Tees	2.02	7.09	+251
ATV	2.42	6.29	+160
LWT	3.30	5.90	+ 79

The statistics are supplied by ACTT. The ITV companies complain that in the base year 1975 profits actually fell and subsequent growth is therefore exaggerated. ACTT put its increase in basic pay during this period at 46 per cent.

sions. The companies may sorrow, but they cannot be pressurised. BBC ratings may soar, but the four-week strike at Granada in 1970 showed how quickly they can be won back. Simply, it's difficult to fight a determined monopoly which still has two years left on its licence to print money.

Not that ACTT, for all the companies' wealth and sense of righteousness, will make a feeble opponent. It has a highly intelligent membership, many of whom are well aware of all the implications canvassed here. Resourcefulness at shop-floor level makes for a strong democratic federation, and shop autonomy will not be surrendered cheaply.

Furthermore, the technicians remember that in 1967, when the IBA ejected one contractor, force-merged two others, and created Yorkshire and LWT, it was the ACTT which picked up the pieces and helped put the network together again. Faced with a threat to their union's powers, the membership has responded with a solidarity which could well match that of the employers, and set the scene for a thoroughly damaging battle.

Three weeks into the strike, the companies floated the idea that money might be available in return for a new deal on technology. Jack O'Connor responded with a suggestion that this business might be 'explored informally', but after the companies tabled their demands on Monday 3 September opinion inside the ACTT hardened. Talks broke off last Monday with a statement that the unions would not even *begin* to negotiate on the company proposals. Perhaps the Third Law of Labour Relations – never leave an opponent without a way out – has been forgotten.

WHAT PLANS do the companies have for a highly qualified, and already alienated workforce whose skills will be made increasingly marginal by new technology? Given the resentment about past profits, and the money diversified out of the industry, what thoughts have they about profit-sharing? Given that next year their franchise will be challenged by entrepreneurs keen to get into television, what thoughts have they about participation in decision-making by those who make the programmes? What plans do they have for ensuring that their own staffs get residual rights in programmes sold internationally, or fed into the fast-expanding video-cassette markets?

The next decade will see the twilight of the BBC-ITV duopoly. Already in America the three big networks are reeling from the impact of video cassettes which take television out of 'real-time', and allow people to schedule their own evening's viewing. 'Super-stations' are beaming alternative programmes from satellites to dish-aerials on roofs. Whole cities are being wired for fibre-optic cables which can carry hundreds of channels, to produce not just television, but instant meter-reading, electronic post, facsimile newspapers, home education courses and electronic cash transfer – assuming, of course, that anyone is still employed.

In the next few months the NASA space-shuttle will start operating, drastically reducing the cost of communications satellites. Radio Tele Luxembourg plans an English-language commercial service – yours for the price of an aerial – and smart money is already assembling in the City to back satellite broadcasting. The pace of change in Britain will undoubtedly be slower than in America (see p. 364). But the thrust is irreversible.

What Jeremy Bugler called in the NS last year, 'Sapper's War' to slow the advance of new technology may well stop ITV. But the movements elsewhere will go on – and, as the unions fear, it may be a rush to destruction, with all our worthwhile institutions reduced to rubble.

At present, the companies and the unions are horn-locked right on the precipitous edge of the 1980s. They might do well to disengage, and take a thoughtful look over the precipice of the 1990s before they decide to beat each other half to death (apart from giving us all a black Christmas).

Lastly, my own interests are easily declared. I am a Granada executive on £16,500 plus perks. I am also a member of the NUJ, and a lodged card member of ACTT. I do not cross picket lines, but still get paid. As a programme maker I stand to benefit more than most from technical change. Some of my own programmes, like *Reports Action*, have been destroyed by disputes.

The Fourth Law of the Class Struggle says that when Capital and Labour are taking their jackets off to each other, it's only a fool who attempts to interpose an argument between then. Nonetheless, my own view is that the companies can pay more, and that – given past neglect – they deserve to. And some of the things that the companies want, the unions would do well to sell. If not, they will be seized anyway, by rougher hands. And it's far from clear that, in the ensuing commercial and technological struggle, the result would be a better service for 50 million viewers.

ZIMBABWE — The spirit of Lusaka

David Caute writes: Perhaps in order to demonstrate its good faith to all parties in Zimbabwe, the British government has reneged on its predecessor's commitment to award 3,000 additional grants to black students. Judith Hart's decision that the 1979/80 budget for UK education of black Zimbabweans would be raised from £3m. to £9.9m. received wide publicity in the front-line states.

Two extra consular officials had to be posted in Pretoria to deal with a rush of applications. But it now seems that only 1,000 of the promised grants will materialise: though fees have risen by 30 per cent, the government has cut the relevant budget by £3m. In August the new Overseas Development Administration (an agency of the Foreign & Commonwealth Office) told the British Council, which handles the grants, that any grants beyond 1,000 were to be embargoed (including offers made subject to medical examination).

Pretexts are now being found to withdraw grants already made. One long-standing rule disqualifies students with places at the University of Rhodesia (UR). Last year at least 40 grants were withdrawn when it was found that the recipients held, or had abandoned, places at UR. This sounds reasonable, until one recalls that since last October black students with three years' secondary education are subject to conscription.

Neither Labour nor Conservative governments have conceded that the threat of call-up should qualify a UR student for a grant to study in Britain. Last February it was hinted that such cases might be considered, and on 27 July the Overseas Development Administration made one award, and four provisional awards, to students who had quit UR because of the call-up. But on 2 August the Administration produced a circular insisting that in no event would grants be made to students within 12 months of their leaving UR. The British Council was told that the grants made must be withdrawn.

And in late July a very dirty decision was taken 'at the highest level'. Lists of applicants from the University of Rhodesia have now been sent to Pretoria to ensure that they are not given passports, and the extra consular officials have been withdrawn – making it impossible to service other passport applications before the 15 September deadline.

Several hundred black Zimbabwean students now find themselves in this country (quite apart from those waiting in Botswana and Rhodesia) with places at British universities, colleges and polytechnics – but no hope of a grant. Some are likely to lose their places as college registration day passes.

No doubt the Home Office will withdraw their temporary work permits once they are no longer 'students', a first step towards forcing them out of the country. And Lord Carrington looks such a nice man.

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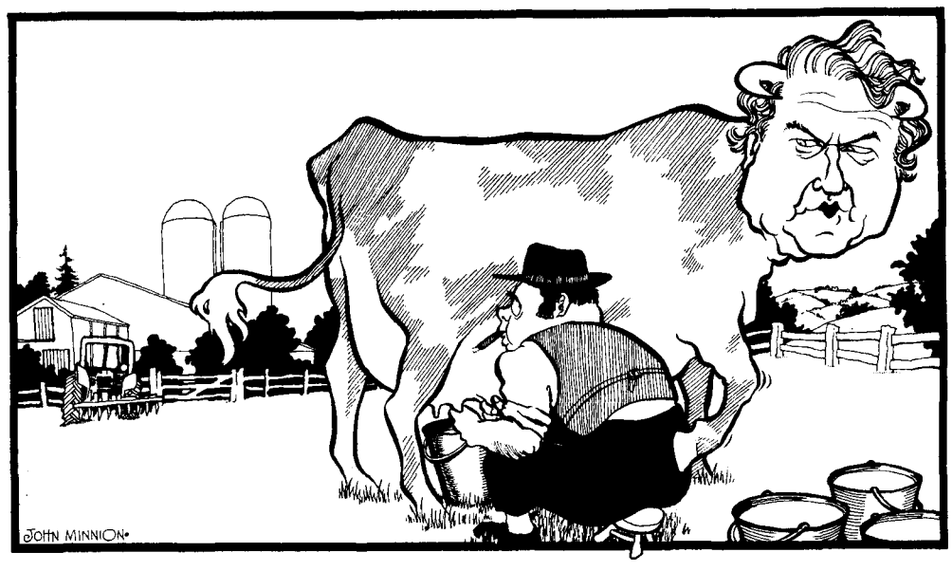
FARMING
Barry Wilson

Walker will cut hand-outs, but farmers will still milk the tax system

The Tories go harvesting



IT IS A CLICHE in rural circles that farmers vote Tory but secretly hope for a Labour victory. This may strike you as odd: is not the National Farmers' Union generally seen as the Conservative Party with its wellington boots on, and is not the present Cabinet stuffed with people not short of an acre or two? Well yes, but in spite of it history shows that farmers are at their richest and most cosseted when Labour is in office. After the war the legendary Tom Williams, widely thought to be the best Agriculture Minister this century, got farming back on its feet for the first time since the abolition of the Corn Laws. During most of the Wilson government Fred Peart did exactly as he was told at a ministry which unashamedly feathers the nests of its constituents.

It's true that John Silkin, Agriculture Minister in the last Labour government, caused quite a shock in the shires with his mildly unkind comments about farmers and farming. He observed, for example, that farmers did not seem to him to be going bankrupt all over the place. These were fighting words.

But they were only words. Silkin is very good with words. (In Brussels last year he deliberately and repeatedly referred to his Belgian opposite, Monsieur Humblet, as 'Mister Omelette' – a ploy, he explained later, that he learned from Dick Crossman as an unbeatable method of angering an opponent.) During his term of office Silkin was miserly about Green Pound devaluations – which pay farmers more – but nowhere else did he make the slightest dent in farming's lush profitability.

The 1976-78 farming boomlet has now peaked. Moreover, we have a Tory government. The new Agriculture Minister, Peter Walker, was given a dressing-down by Mrs Thatcher after his unauthorised and breakneck sell-out on EEC farm prices in June, and he is now anxious to expose the full magnificence of his virility in order to dispose of whispers about his chronic limpness. Until well into August few at the Ministry of Agriculture and apparently no one at the increasingly sleepy National Farmers' Union (NFU) really believed that agriculture would have to pay a price in the Thatcher Snatch: farming had always been a special case, and anyway it was small beer, accounting for under 2 per cent of total government expenditure in this year's estimates. But as they returned from their holidays the mandarins were given a whiff of the bad news.

GOVERNMENT SPENDING on agriculture has been transformed in recent years. By far the biggest items used to be farm price support and deficiency payments. Most of this spending is accounted for by the EEC or by higher food prices – or, more often, by both. The Agriculture Minister is now largely a dispenser of capital, improvement and regional grants, which account for little short of one third of the UK farm budget.

There are two main types of grants available to farmers. The Farm Capital Grants Scheme (FCGS) is available to anyone to cover 20-30 per cent of the cost of capital installations, such as milking parlours, cow sheds and grain stores. The newer Farm and Horticultural Development Scheme (FHDS) is available only to cover a proportion of the cost of a whole-farm improvement plan, which is paid for and monitored over a six-year period. FHDS grants are available only to farmers whose income is below the average non-farming wage, and the great attraction of these grants to the ministry is that they are eligible for a 25 per cent contribution from Brussels.

When John Silkin was at the ministry he said that he wished to see a £30 million boost in grant aid to poorer farmers, with a switch from the simpler and easier-to-get FCGS grant to the more egalitarian FHDS. Even so, this year's FCGS allocation is up 8 per cent to £68 million. But the FHDS has certainly succeeded beyond Silkin's wildest dreams: from almost nothing when he boosted it, FHDS reached £52 million last year and is officially estimated at £81 million this year.

FHDS grants have become a cottage industry in themselves. They are very attractive to small farmers wanting to expand; in addition Silkin told the government's farm advisory service (ADAS) to go out and flog the grants as hard as they could. Soon farmers were queueing up at ADAS offices with a simple request: if you are so keen for us to apply for these grants, how about filling in the forms for us? Applications for FHDS grants require a lot of paperwork, and soon the hard-pressed people from ADAS found they couldn't cope without the assistance of free enterprise. Private farm management advisers were called in to do the work, and business flourished. Today many of these consultants have come to rely on this work for most of their income.

Fearful of antagonising farmers *and* ADAS *and* private consultants and surveyors, Peter Walker will probably make most most of his cuts in the FCGS. But he will not leave the booming FHDS untouched: these grants are supposed to be subject to a 25 per cent Brussels contribution, but this year's government estimates reveal that Brussels is coming up with less than £10 million of the £150 million being paid out in grants to British farmers this year. Ministry officials say the 'anomaly' is due to 'time lag' – but Walker may well decide that Brussels needs chasing.

THE ONE THING which Peter Walker can be confidently expected not to do to reduce agriculture's burden on the public purse is to extract more taxation from our men of the soil, even though there is an increasingly good case for doing so. Last year UK farmers (who comprise almost exactly 1 per cent of the total UK workforce, not counting farmworkers who make another 1.5 per cent) paid a total of about £200 million in tax – which was equivalent to under 10 per cent of total net farm income. Alistair Sutherland, a Cambridge economics lecturer, resigned earlier this year as special consultant to the Northfield inquiry into land ownership and occupancy, accusing the committee of bastardising some of his findings on the effects of capital taxation on UK farming. He has subsequently written:

> The government found considerably greater ability both to pay tax and to avoid tax than the NFU and the agricultural EDC (Economic Development Council) were able to detect. The net farm income of the average full-time farm increased by a factor of 4.8 in the past decade. Retail prices rose by 2.9, average earnings by 3.5 and company profits by 3.2. In addition the value of the land rose from about £45,000 to about £315,000, which represents a more than doubling of wealth in real terms.
>
> In estimating the potential liability for Capital Transfer Tax it is important to include the effect of typical techniques for tax avoidance. Thus the standard relief for the working farmer is a 50 per cent reduction in the tax base. But in addition a suitably organised partnership can ensure that the basis of land valuation for tax purposes is not the price with vacant possession but the tenanted price – typically 60 per cent of that.
>
> Hence on land worth 100 the tax base can be reduced to 50 automatically and to 30 by tax planning. Further, splitting ownership between husband and wife, with each of them leaving a half share to the son, produces a further saving, since tax is paid on two amounts of 15, not one amount of 30. Finally, payment of resulting tax can be spread over eight years, without interest; even at constant prices that concession reduces the present value of the tax liability by one third, at a 10 per cent discount rate; and is a much bigger drop in real terms.

Walker is unlikely to be impressed by all this 'socialist nonsense', as one member of the Northfield Committee described it.

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SOVIET UNION
Olga Semyonova

Leningrad's young intellectuals may turn to terrorism

The new dissidents

A NEW MARXIST opposition has formed among the students of Leningrad. It has a fairly wide base – on 5 December 1978 over 200 young people dared to demonstrate outside the Kazan Cathedral on Nevsky Prospekt, demanding the release of their leaders Aleksandr Skobov and Arkady Tsurkov, arrested in October.

Leningrad's new left opposition is terribly young – Skobov is 20, Tsurkov 19, and others are still at school. But like other dissidents in the Soviet Union, they come from the intelligentsia.

The majority of the intelligentsia are not dissidents, but integrated into the system. This doesn't mean they like the regime. It is difficult for anyone with higher education to be anything other than critical of its cruelty, arbitrariness and inefficiency. It is simply that they have two choices. If they aim at a career within the system they write what is expected of them, live a comparatively comfortable and satisfying life, and think their own thoughts in private or in a small circle of trusted friends. If they come out into the open, speak out against the regime, they become 'dissidents', automatically lose their jobs, are hounded from pillar to post, often from prison to psychiatric hospital and end up seeking exile. Only the brave, famous or foolhardy chose the second alternative.

However, the government, understandably, doesn't trust the intelligentsia. According to official ideology, there are three classes (or layers) in the Soviet Union – the workers, the peasants and the intelligentsia, who come last.

In fact, the intelligentsia tend to have *blat* (influence), get good jobs and live better than the workers. But they are made to feel inferior.

The Soviet state may not be run in the interests of the working class, but the clique of party leaders is recruited from the skilled workers. It is difficult for the children of the intelligentsia to get into university, and almost impossible for them to rise to the top in the Party or army. (This is made worse by the fact that many of them are Jewish.) Everywhere, every day, even in little things, the intelligentsia are reminded that they live in a 'workers' state'. Even the dry wine the intelligentsia like is taxed more heavily than the strong sickly fortified wine the workers prefer. The intelligentsia resent this. Almost universally they despise and detest the workers.

The dissident intelligentsia can be roughly divided into a right and a left wing. The right wing are men like Solzhenitsyn, Bukovsky, Galantsov, who reject Marxism-Leninism completely and seek moral, religious and often extremely reactionary solutions. The left wing dissidents are those who remain Marxists, but wish to democratise the Soviet regime. These have included a moderate wing, the Medvedevs and Sakharov (before he renounced socialism) who call for a very gradual democratisation within the system; and a comparatively extreme wing, associated with the views of Kosterin, Plyushch and in particular Grigorenko. Grigorenko, before he decided 'socialism and democracy are incompatible', called for the 'immediate withering away of the state' and the handing over of the economy to the direct control of scientists and workers.

But both left-wing groups have basic points in common – they took their inspiration from Dubcek's Czechoslovakia, they want to persuade the party leaders to reform the bureaucracy from within. Like the rest of the intelligentsia they despise the working class and regard it as passive.

IN FACT, the real problem is less that the working class is passive, than that its interests are quite different from those of the intelligentsia. The intelligentsia want human rights, the workers a higher standard of living. In reality the two are interdependent as one small group of workers, the Free Trade Union Association, has grasped, but the intelligentsia has yet to assimilate this idea. As the exile Boris Weil said recently: 'In Russia the intelligentsia is very isolated from the people; as one of our writers put it, there is an invisible wall between the two.'

The Left Opposition of Leningrad must be seen in the context of this dilemma. It started its activities in February 1976 on the opening day of the 25th Congress of the Communist Party, by distributing leaflets in the Metro, on Nevsky Prospekt, and in institutions all over Leningrad. They declared that the party policies were bankrupt, its methods Stalinist and the 25th Congress a bluff. They called for democracy and humanitarian socialism. As a result, Andrei Reznikov, aged 17, was sentenced to two years' hard labour.

The group's next move was the organisation of a commune at 37 Primorsky Prospekt, a small wooden house on the outskirts of the city. It quickly became a centre for the dissident youth of the intelligentsia from Leningrad and from other cities.

It must be understood that Western ideas and fashions take a long time to filter into Russia, and the Leningrad youth is still at a hippy stage. The most popular groups in the Soviet Union, the ones imitated by the underground 'black rock' groups, such as Time Machine and the Plastic People of Leningrad, are Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd. The dissident youth have long hair and wear army greatcoats – the most chic is considered the one with respirator bags from 1914. They meet at cafés with secret names: *Ulster* (because of all the fights there), *Oliver* (the gay café), *Saigon* (now closed down, the centre of the drug scene).

The key to the commune was kept at the *Sphinx* café, and it was open to anyone. There was an unregistered typewriter there, on which they wrote their journal *Perspektivy* (three numbers came out in the summer of 1978).

The Left Opposition had links with groups in the Baltic Republics, Belorussia, the Ukraine and the Caucasus and was organising a conference when in October the arrests and searches began.

THE LEFT OPPOSITION take Grigorenko's ideas and develop from them some of the most revolutionary positions to be found in Russia for decades.

In its *Platform Theses* (April 1978) the group states that it 'takes as its starting point the aspiration towards a social system capable of satisfying the widest material and spiritual needs of each member of society and guaranteeing each individual the possibility of all round and harmonious development. The group regards such a social system as communism . . . It takes Marxism as its theoretical basis.'

Lenin, however, they reject as authoritarian. They read Trotsky, but see him as a precursor rather than an opponent of Stalin and find his popularity in the West quite incomprehensible. Instead they look to Plekhanov, whom they like because he accused Lenin of 'practising Bonapartism' and because he insisted that in 1917 the conditions for a socialist revolution did not exist in Russia. The commune's library also contained the works of Kropotkin, and the Left Opposition has a strong anarchist wing.

In their attitude towards the Russian revolution they break with other Marxist dissidents who – wishing to work within the system – call themselves Leninists, and the revolution socialist. Rebelling against the Leninist orthodoxy stuffed down their throats, but desiring to remain Marxists, they have developed an analysis which bears some relation to that of the Mensheviks. They believe that the Russian revolution was 'legitimate and inevitable'. It established 'state monopoly capitalism', which was 'progressive at the time'.

However, this system was *never* socialism, let alone communism. It has now degenerated, and has 'outlived its day'.

> For the past 60 years Russia has been in the hands of phrasemongers, bandits and robbers, masquerading as communists . . . During the first years of the revolution that state was only a means, but it has now become an end in itself . . . In the Soviet Union, only the people at the top live well, the rest go begging.

The official ideology has no relation to Marxism, they say, and is a crude falsification of it. The Party is rotten, the people cynical. The Soviet Union is 'on the verge of catastrophe'. It can only be saved by being 'replaced by a more progressive system – socialism'.

They demand not only democratic rights, but far-reaching economic changes – the handing over of the economy to the workers: 'the existence of a planned economy is anti-popular'. The whole 'military-bureaucratic apparatus' of the state must be dismantled, the KGB and the Komsomol abolished, Party control ended, army service made voluntary.

Some are 'not against the state in general' just 'against this state', others take a more anarchist position. One issue of *Perspektivy* carried two articles on the anarchist rising in Kronstadt in 1921 – one for and one against. However, they all look forward to 'the future elimination of the necessity for the state' under communism.

HOW IS THE transition from state monopoly capitalism to socialism to take place? Unlike the other dissidents, the Left Opposition see it as 'in its essence a revolutionary process, for it involves the removal of the class of the state bureaucracy from power as a result of a class struggle by the working classes' but 'headed by the intelligentsia'.

They state categorically that 'the intel-

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ligentsia is the most progressive class of the late twentieth century'. They take this idea from Marcuse, their great hero, and even call themselves the 'Leningrad School' in imitation of the 'Frankfurt School'.

Marcuse has become so popular in the Soviet Union that the government has felt it necessary to put out a rash of books denouncing him.

What attracts them to Marcuse is his dismissal of the working class as 'a conservative, even a counter-revolutionary force' and his belief that the only force for change is the intelligent minority, who are able to achieve a total negation of the system, both through alternative life styles and through political struggle.

These ideas of '68 seem extremely old-fashioned and completely out of place among the crises and strikes of the West today. For the young Soviet *intelligent*, alienated from the workers in his country, they appear to fit the situation completely. In his discussion of 'the new sensibility' where 'the hatred of the young turns into laughter and song, mixing the barricade and the dance-floor, loveplay and heroism' Marcuse even speaks directly to the young who 'attack the *esprit de serieux* in the socialist camp, miniskirts against the apparatchiks, rock 'n' roll against realism'.

The Left Opposition paraphrase Marcuse, saying 'the working class has lost its revolutionary character and so in the present period the leading force of the revolution can be the intellectuals and the youth'. It can only become this when it has 'created its own political party of a militant, unified, avant-garde nature', organised outside the system.

The members of the group disagreed, however, on the nature of the revolution. Some, like Skobov, believe in exclusive reliance on peaceful methods of propaganda – among students, workers and especially the armed forces.

Others see two possibilities. One is that 'a group within the Party bureaucratic apparatus will go for a gradual change in the system which will entail democratisation. It will opt for this solution through seeing the consolidation of the opposition, the collapse of the economy etc.' This is 'the most desirable type of revolution'. However, it is equally possible that 'there will be a further tightening of screws involving terror from above' which they will meet with 'terror from below' and 'quite simply there would be a state of civil war'. Others see armed confrontation as inevitable. They want to set up a Revolutionary Communist Youth League which would adopt the methods of the West German Baader-Meinhof gang – whom they perceive as romantic idealists.

Arkady Tsurkov has just been given five years hard labour and two years internal exile, and Aleksandr Skobov interned indefinitely in psychiatric hospital. About 30 other members of the group have been subjected to slightly less vicious forms of persecution – they have been expelled from their institutions, arrested for robbery and hooliganism, detained for months in prison and psychiatric hospital, searched, beaten up, blackmailed, threatened by telephone.

It is sad, but not surprising if some of them see terrorism as the only option.

INDUSTRY

Do workers get their strikes on the cheap?

John Gennard writes: Last week's leaked letter from Lord Trenchard, a minister at the Department of Industry, contained a wide range of possible financial penalties against strikers, aimed at redressing what the government sees as a fundamental imbalance in industrial relations. The Trenchard letter argued that the system of tax rebates and supplementary benefits ('state subsidies') enabled strikers to survive comparatively unscathed financially. In other words, workers supposedly take their strikes on the cheap.

During the period 1973–1978 I researched the financial effects of strikes on individual strikers, and the hardship suffered by families affected by disputes. Four strikes were analysed: the seven week Post Office strike of 1971, a fourteen week strike of electricians at the Chrysler Coventry plants in 1973, a four week stoppage of clerical workers at Dunlop (Engineering) in 1975 and a four week strike of manual employees at the Chamberlain Industries Leyton establishment in 1977. The table below shows the relative importance of state subsidies in strike income in each case.

The Industry Minister's letter implies that tax rebates and supplementary benefit are relatively important sources of income to strikers' households, but in the four case studies this was not the case. In two of the disputes tax rebates were not paid out because the clerical workers who perform this function were involved in the strike. But in none of the strikes did the state subsidies account for more than 15 per cent of *total* strike income – although for certain groups within the strikers the proportion was higher, in no case did it exceed 21 per cent. The table shows that strikers' households finance strikes mainly from their own resources, such as savings and spouses' earnings.

Source of Income	Post Office	Chrysler	Dunlop	Chamberlain
State Subsidies	14.5	15.1	0.0	14.0
Union Payments	1.6	21.9	0.2	0.0
Payments from Employers (i.e., wages owing)	18.1	9.8	0.0	25.3
Debts to Financial Institutions	10.1	8.2	6.4	17.2
Own Resources	55.7	45.0	93.4	43.5

Peter Kennard

One way of looking at the hardship suffered by strikers is to compare for the period of the strike the income that would have come into the household, had there been no strike, with the actual amount of income received during the strike, including the value of goods and services not paid for during the strike – rent, mortgages and so on. On this definition of hardship the postal workers suffered a 25 per cent drop in income while the electricians experienced a fall of 21 per cent. The Dunlop strikers experienced an average 22 per cent drop and the Chamberlain workers 24 per cent. These falls in living standards cannot be described as insignificant.

The suggestion that supplementary benefit regulations might be changed so that unions are made responsible for the repayment of benefit has a number of difficulties. If a union refused to pay there would have to be resort to sequestration, as happened under the Industrial Relations Act. There is also the question of whether union repayment would apply to both official and unofficial strikes. If it were to apply only to official strikes then the likely outcome would be more unofficial strikes. If it were to apply to unofficial strikes the government would be holding the unions responsible for strikes they had expressly repudiated.

If supplementary benefit were to be paid as a loan to strikers the method of repayment would presumably be deduction orders made through the employer. But this is likely to be frustrated by employers making the repayment themselves rather than allowing the strike to sour relationships after the return to work. There would be a tendency to incorporate in strike settlements the cost of these repayments. This is also likely to be the case if the government were to recover supplementary benefit payment by adjusting the strikers' income tax code to claw back the money in PAYE. The four case studies of actual strikes revealed that both sides accept that there are 'rules of the game'.

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London Diary

☐ Proclaiming victory the while, *The Times* managers stumble backwards from surrender to surrender: Duke Hussey recently persuaded *Marketing Week* (who else would listen?) that he had achieved the bulk of his objective. Napoleon, presumably, issued similar material on re-crossing the Berezina. Cynics believe that the aim is merely to get the papers somehow back into print before expeditiously flogging them (on the well-known principle that a horse must at least be walking in order to be saleable). Certainly Lord Rothermere makes it his business to remind the journalists at regular intervals that his interest is undimmed.

Surrender, however, appears too late to succour an important British pressure-group: the Friends of Henry Kissinger, whose hero has lately suffered some buffeting about the reputation. Much whitewashing hope was predicted on the 'world exclusive' presentation in the *Sunday Times* of the first tranche of his memoirs. But this must take place before 23 September, and there seems no prospect of getting the launch-vehicle onto the pad by then. Exclusivity thus devolves upon *Time* magazine the week after – and, truckle as they may, it just won't be the same.

An important, if little-remarked provision of the 'special relationship' entitles the Nixons and Kissingers of this world to obtain in Britain a swooning reception such as their own sceptical and combative society rarely provides. (Half the trick of being an 'international statesman' consists in playing-back to America the ratings you get in the Oxford Union or New Printing House Square.)

But Andrew Knight, editor of the *Economist* (an adept of those interviews where the reporter knocks his head three times on the ground before asking Kissinger the date), has stepped eagerly, if crudely, into the breach. Having published a well-slanted review of *Sideshow,* William Shawcross' demolition of Kissinger's Cambodian policy, Knight drew (a) a reply from Shawcross, and (b) a long letter from Kissinger, which fearlessly refuted numerous arguments never advanced by Shawcross. Knight then called Shawcross, and, without having shown him Kissinger's letter, attempted to obtain his agreement that the correspondence should be declared closed at this point – for fear that it might become 'protracted'. I believe this is known as 'holding the ring'.

☐ Labour's leaders have never been up in technological history, which perhaps accounts for Shirley Williams' saying that discussion of the Labour constitution is equivalent to a 'punch-up in the engine-room of the *Titanic*'. The *Titanic*'s problems had nothing to do with the behaviour of the engine-room detachment: the trouble was the characters on the bridge, who insisted on charging at high speed through an iceberg zone. (They were cutting corners in a futile attempt to overhaul the *Mauretania*, whose builders, unlike the *Titanic*'s, had possessed the nerve to instal a full set of steam turbines.)

She was a badly-designed ship, being steered irresponsibly on a suicidal course. If you had managed to survive the disaster, how would you have felt about an invitation to repeat the voyage, in a vessel of identical design, with the same team of navigators on the bridge?

☐ The picture – a new departure for London Diary – shows Mr Ian Smith arriving for the start of the 'constitutional conference'. He is being protected by two armed Special Branch bodyguards, who have been relieved of the duty they would otherwise have to arrest him by the proclamation of an Order in Council. My colleague Duncan Campbell informs me that he recognises both Detective Sergeant Keith Blackmore (right) and his colleague as the officers who spent a great deal of time pursuing him during the lead-up to last year's Official Secrets trial. Here is a question: does it count as promotion within the Special Branch hierarchy to be moved on from the futile pursuit of alleged 'left-wing subversives' to the business of protecting perfectly genuine right-wing subversives?

☐ The story that they put something into the air-conditioning at TV studios which contracts the brain of the long-serving executive to match-head size (allowing it, eventually, to roll out through the nose) is surely untrue. Yet at moments it appears plausible. I received the other day a long address made to the panjandrums of television by John Birt of London Weekend, who used to display a number of signs of intelligence. Entitled *Freedom and the Broadcaster,* it consists of a statement of the rather vogue-ish proposition that the way to liberty is to allow everybody to have a bit of electronic persuasion of their own: Trots, racists, capitalists, mass-murderers, the lot. Well, of course, there's a slight problem about mass-murderers, but Birt has the answer:

> It would not be censorship . . . to refuse to transmit a documentary arguing that the earth is flat, or a play celebrating the pleasures of working the gas chambers in a concentration camp, because neither view has significant support.

I will not make any black jokes about Auschwitz or Treblinka: but merely draw to John Birt's attention the fact opinion-polls generally find a large number of people think that astrology is pretty sound stuff. Science documentaries on LWT ought to be an interesting study in the near future.

☐ I have few, if any, horticultural instincts. But on returning from holiday to find a lawn resembling a wheatfield, I thought it might be time to buy a lawnmower. I approached a friend who runs one of those Islington shops which are usually spread all over the pavement, and asked him what he could do for me. Well, he said, this was a bad year for lawnmowers. Not many of them about.

Why? Because the manufacturers had been seized with a great fear that this was the year in which the Japanese would invade the mower market with cheap, high-quality imports. Displaying the combative spirit so typical of British capitalism, the home industry had therefore cut back supplies. The invasion, however, had not arrived, with the result that the land was in the grip of a lawnmower famine.

It is one thing to have industries which are destroyed by actual Japanese competition: it is something else when they give up at the *rumour* that the Japanese are coming.

☐ Ridiculous and disgusting as the economic antics of Howe and Co are, it might be unwise of Labour spokesman to take too seriously all the economic punditry which suggests that the economy will be wholly obliterated by Christmas. (Having a drink over the weekend with Paul Ormerod of the National Institute, I discovered that he felt equally cautious.) The latest and splendid volume of the Keynes memorial edition has just come out, which has all the material on the financial crises of 1944-46, and contains an excellent specific against simple-minded extrapolations about human affairs (Milton Friedman's proposition that all liberty dies when 60 per cent of GNP falls into public hands is an excellent example).

In June 1944 Keynes wrote a long state paper about the parlous condition of the national finances. 'No comfort', he concluded, 'unless it be from the following story. In 1755 Lord Chesterfield, under the influence of gout, wrote . . . to the Chancellor of the Exchequer . . . that Lord Orford (Sir Robert Walpole) "who was as sanguine as anybody, used always to say that whenever the National Debt should amount to 100 millions, the whole would be over and the game up. And this will certainly be the case should this war last four years longer", to whom the Chancellor replied that he knew no answer to his Lordship's argument, but that he had great faith in the *dictum* of Voltaire that "the probable very seldom occurs".'

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ 'I'm no snob, but this is quite a tasteful estate and somehow Percy Smith Road sounds a wee bit council-estatish. They should have called it Smith Road or something like that. As it is there's this double meaning to the name too,' he said. – *South Wales Echo* (Andrew Belsey)

☐ Mr Casey explains: 'British Leyland's overmanning problems begin on the floor of the primary classroom. There, 38 children engage in glueing and painting a model which sensibly requires only three.' — *Manchester Evening News* (Michael Z. Brooke)

☐ Tory leader Margaret Thatcher is now the third 'most hated and feared' figure in Madame Tussaud's waxworks. A poll taken among visitors to the London exhibition put her behind Hitler and Amin but in front of Dracula and Jack the Ripper. – *Daily Mirror* (Amanda Welles)

☐ The first caller said: 'I'm enjoying the TV strike. I've found myself reading, talking, even doing some gardening. It has been very pleasant.' I said: 'Why didn't you switch over to the BBC?' and got the reply, 'I never thought of that. I suppose it's just that I watch ITV.' – *Daily Express* (S. G. Wildman)

☐ Women whose husbands work in the City might recognise Philippa as the former cookery correspondent of the *Financial Times*. – *Evening Standard* (Elizabeth Taylor)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

A cynical silence?

From D. Richards

In my naivete I attributed the lack of any major article about the Warrenpoint and Mountbatten murders in the issue of 31 August to the dictates of your press deadline.

This week I learn the worst. The trite and bitchy remarks of Christopher Hitchens in the NS Diary of 31 August really were all that a once compassionate newspaper had to say about events of such magnitude (and Mary Holland's otherwise excellent article on security certainly doesn't absolve your cynical neglect).

Your concern for 'The coming revolution in Brazil' and 'An Australian view of Holocaust' is merely, in the circumstances, a sick joke.

54 Park Road, Beckenham, Kent

Marx's beloved bourgeoisie

From Peter Duignan and Lewis Gann

Richard Rathbone takes us to task (in 'White Men, Black Boys' NS 3 August) for drawing parallels between Marx and Engels on the one hand, and Kipling on the other. But Marx and Engels were quite specific. Marx believed that the British – despite their greed – had benefited India by introducing its first great social revolution. Engels considered that the French conquest in Algeria, despite its ferocity, would ultimately benefit mankind, on the grounds that capitalism was superior as a form of social organisation to feudalism and tribalism alike. (For details see Shlomo Avineri, ed. *Karl Marx on Colonialism and Modernisation* . . . New York, Doubleday, 1968.)

Marx's notions were themselves deeply embedded in the wider structure of his thought. Marx believed that the bourgeoisie had a progressive part to play in history. His *Communist Manifesto* was, in many ways, a hymn of praise to the bourgeoisie. According to Marx, the time of reckoning would come only when bourgeois domination had turned into a brake on the processes of production, rather than an engine for economic progress. But Marx would certainly have been impressed by the manner in which the bourgeoisie developed ports, railways, mines, farms, and factories in Africa, as it had previously done in other parts of the world.

Your reviewer also criticises us for mindlessly caricaturing the radical tradition. Apparently, we should not have attributed to radicals views such as 'colonialism . . . accounts for much of the wealth accumulated by the rich nations at the expense of the poor. Colonialism, moreover, must bear the blame not merely for the poverty, but also for the stagnation of the underdeveloped world'. If Rathbone believes that we have misrepresented the radical position, that radicals see good as well as evil in Western colonialism, we invite him to read Immanuel Wallerstein, Walter Rodney, Paul A. Baran, I. Pothekin – the list would fill a whole review.

Hoover Institution, Stanford, California

Inhuman substance

From Tom Minchin of the Church of Scientology

I detect a note of professional jealousy in Brian Beckett's article 'The Army's Bloodless Warfare' (NS 30 August). Had he come to us direct before writing, he would have corrected both his facts and his arithmetic in his analysis of our campaign on BZ.

We have no quarrel with him over the importance of nerve gas, VX in particular. We have ourselves widened our interest in chemical and biological warfare since BZ brought it to our direct attention. It is an inhuman substance and Brian Beckett did well for his part not long ago in exposing its availability.

But in his haste to reiterate the importance of the victory on VX, Mr Beckett has missed the thrust of our campaign. Our ambition is not to strike every hallucinogenic compound from the Patent Office, though the particularly nasty side effects of BZ would justify an exception in this case. Our purpose was and is to have BZ scheduled as the dangerous drug that it is. At the moment, unlike VX or even LSD (or marijuana for that matter), BZ is not covered by either the Misuse of Drugs Act, the Poisons Act or the Medicines Act. Yet it is a 2 hour job by an A level chemistry student to knock it together.

As to BZ's potency, our source for that is the American chemist, Dr David Schnare, who has compared the 'trips' given by LSD and BZ. A typical LSD trip is 8 hours. A standard BZ trip is 96 hours with devastating mental side-effects. But it can be much longer. Brian Beckett may not know that the CIA used BZ to discredit its 'enemies' by dosing them with it and producing prolonged insanity. The mental disturbance is conservatively 10–100 times that of LSD in duration and effect. BZ guinea-pigs we have located in the United States suffer horrific long-term side effects – memory loss (in one case 1½ years were wiped out) and a disproportionate number of them have had deformed or miscarried children.

The appalling carelessness with which BZ (and other chemical warfare) guinea pigs have been cursorily 'followed up' and forgotten is a fact on both sides of the Atlantic. The track record of the Church of Scientology over 30 years shows that we finish what we start. We intend to expose the full extent of intelligence and military mind control programmes and cooperate with anyone of like interest to see they are finally ended.

Saint Hill Manor, East Grinstead, Sussex

Hardy jokester

From Robert Gittings

Your book critic, Mr Tom Paulin, has been having a high old time lately, telling us poor authors that we are all what he calls 'amateurs'. One week (NS 24 August) he tells the excellent joint authors of a book about Cuninghame Graham that they don't know the first thing about biography. The very next week (NS 31 August) he is lengthily and determinedly jokey about 'the Hardy industry'. In both instances, never mind the facts; let's have fun. In passing, I see he thinks I wrote a book about the first Mrs Hardy. It was, of course, about the *second* Mrs Hardy, jointly written, anyway, with my wife the biographer Jo Manton, and generously reviewed in your columns by Claire Tomalin (NS 13 July); but accuracy is not Mr Paulin's forte. So he writes, 'A scholarly paper was published on the dogs' graveyard in Hardy's garden.' In fact, it was a *lighthearted* paper on Hardy's well-known *cats'* graveyard (also satirised, much better, by E. M. Forster); but, as Mr Paulin says, never mind 'the futility of fact'.

He then jeers at two interesting new books by Denys Kay-Robinson and Andrew Enstice (a first book by a promising young writer) but jokesters are seldom generous. The matter, though, becomes serious when Mr Paulin includes in relentless jokery a real work of profound scholarship, to which every serious Hardy scholar already owes a debt, Dr James Gibson's *Thomas Hardy: The Complete Poems*. Some of your hastier readers, not realising that Mr Paulin was writing a totally facetious article, might take his criticism of Dr Gibson's meticulous and helpful scholarship at its face value. I only write myself to warn them that Mr Paulin, among your other and usually first-rate reviewers, is indulging in an elaborate leg-pull, and to suggest that for a really funny literary article you should employ a professional and not an amateur humourist – say, the ever-admirable Arthur Marshall. I bet he'd have got that cats' graveyard right!

Chichester

Sex and religion

From Jean Raison

Why does Penny Allen (Letters 31 August) say that 'patriarchal religions' such as Christianity, which assume that 'the creative spirit' is 'masculine', are 'more false than the religions which assumed the origins of life to be feminine'? The origins of life were surely asexual, sexual reproduction involves both sexes, and the creative spirit is equally female and male. Why is a feminist lie any better than a masculine one?

702 Holloway Road, London N19

Haiku for Margaretta D'Arcy on her rubbishing of my play

From Howard Brenton

Didn't Lenin sort
You out bloody years ago?
'Childish disorders'

Fanatical mouths
Stink of a vicious belly
Fermenting hatred

You have some courage
Let's acknowledge your courage
It is worthless pain

You want to speak out
You fear hangmen at your throat
Panic and scream lies

You yell for freedom
But your voice rasps with future
Prison doors closing

Bad poets like you
Could kill children of the flats
In brand new H-Blocks

Filth lies on the stage
You say that makes my play filth –
Censors talk like that

For what it is worth
This poet says 'England out
Of Ireland now'

Colonial wars
At the end of Empire's day
Kill for year on year

The one million
Protestants, what, deported?
Gassed? D'Arcy is dumb

D'Arcy's for romance
Romance in socialist thought
Can end up racist

Future Ireland
Is a socialist state or
A filthy graveyard

When the peace breaks out
D'Arcy will want a new war
To kill the lovers

D'Arcy can't forgive
Writers for their gentleness
Because she can't write

Writers understand
Hate cannot amplify truth
Contradiction can

You attack my play
Now I attack your review
Who enlightens whom?

13 Grove Hill Road, London SE5

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Clamorous nights

Once the British have decided that one of their many favourite characters, be he or she famous in history's pages or with the pen or the brush or in the world of entertainment, is supreme and beyond reproach and have placed him or her firmly upon a pedestal, they are extremely reluctant to have their attention drawn to the fact that there are some worrying cracks further down the plinth. A bold statement that Churchill was, in some ways and to put it mildly, a bit of a pickle and what used to be called 'a holy terror', would net me such a shoal of abusive letters that therefore I will not make it. Similarly, if one were to say that Montgomery, though splendid in battle and born with a face that happened to fit, became in retirement rather a conceited ass, one might be attacked in the street or molested at 'Myrtlebank' (if they can find it) and therefore I will say no such thing. And in quite another field, if I put forward the view that the actress Marie Tempest, though entirely dazzling when she wished to be, was odious to her inferiors and a toad in the theatre who treated matinée audiences with contempt (I've caught her at it often enough), I might be stoned by the gallery first-nighters.

I have two small squabbles with two writers of distinction, to say the least of it, one of them be-pedestalled (and no pedestal is higher), and the other, alas, and to our island's discredit, for a long time out of favour and de-pedestalled. The first of these august figures is the Swan of Avon, often inclined in my opinion to run on a bit and make ten words do the work of one and sometimes, when being funny, exceedingly painful. The merry dialogue that I find so especially trying occurs in *The Merchant of Venice,* Act I Scene II, where the rich and spoilt heiress, Portia, relaxing in her boudoir (I have always suspected her of having apricot satin cushions and of slopping about in mules) with her sickeningly sycophantic 'waiting-maid', Nerissa, runs over the names and alleged non-attributes of her current gentlemen callers, both of the ladies going off into fits of laughter the while. I don't mind it so much when the odious girl mocks at three of her suitors – a Neapolitan prince, a local land-owner and a Frenchman (named Monsieur Le Bon, of all feeble inventions) – for they are three Europeans, and foreigners must learn to take what comes, nice or nasty as the case may be. It is when she is impertinent about handsome Lord Falconbridge of England (I somehow see him with a lovely 'place' near East Grinstead) and complains that he cannot speak Italian (and what proper, red-blooded Englishman would even wish to, may I ask?) that I get ratty. She is then jocular at the expense of a Scottish lord, kilts and all. Not a girl to encourage in any way whatsoever.

The second writer is one with whom I have communication almost every day of my life. When at home, I would not dream of closing my eyes in sleep without reading at least two paragraphs of his masterly works. Soothing. It is not, as though I need to point this out, that he is in any way soporific. It is more in the comforting spirit that, if I were to die unexpectedly in the night, one's eyes would, at least, have looked last on greatness. Some there are who read, before clicking out the light, the Bible, and extremely unsettling and nightmarish a lot of it must be. I read P. G. Wodehouse. I do not, unfortunately, own the complete canon or anything like it (getting on for ninety books, I believe), but I have, I suppose, about fifty of them, including the indispensable Mulliner and Jeeves omnibuses, and it is enough to enable me to ring the changes. Not that it is changes that I always want. I must, I suppose, have read the long short story 'The Crime Wave at Blandings' upwards of two hundred times and there are sentences that, even though I know well enough that they are coming, still give me a sharp stab of delight. For example, that moment when Lord Emsworth's forbidding sister, Lady Constance Keeble, informs him that his grandson, George, has just shot the irritating secretary, Rupert Baxter, with an airgun. ' "Good!" cried Lord Emsworth, then prudently added the word "gracious." '

It is not, Heaven help me, with the impeccable prose, the riotously funny characters or the marvellously complicated plots that my little difference lies but with Wodehouse's reputation as a writer of lyrics for the musical comedies with which he occupied himself for so many successful years. He is, I state, conscious of a feeling of disloyalty and ingratitude, no lyric writer. The lyric most commonly mentioned, and frequently in terms of awe and veneration and wonderment, is from the musical play *Show Boat* and is for a song called 'Bill' with an enchanting Kern tune and sung in London at Drury Lane by Marie Burke as Julie. The charm of the character Bill was that he was such an ordinary man and to make this crystal clear, Wodehouse supplied a verse which includes the lines:

> He can't play golf or tennis or polo,
> Or sing a solo,
> Or row.

The chorus contains the following:

> His form and face,
> His manly grace,
> Are not the kind that you
> Would find in a statue.

I must leave you to judge.

Although he was much more involved in Broadway musicals of fifty and sixty years ago than in purely English offerings, Wodehouse gets a mention in a pleasant new book, a 'must' for all middle-aged theatre buffs of the less intellectually demanding kind and which provides a comprehensive survey of English musical plays from 1916 to 1978, and those of us who missed very few of the productions in these theatrically happy and fecund years are in for a nostalgic feast. Derek and Julia Parker are the admirable authors, joyfully enthusiastic about their subject, of *The Story and the Song,* and Chappell, in association with Elm Tree Books, supply it at £7.50 the copy. The photographs are especially well chosen and strike vibrant chords of memory – Brian Reece as the Hon. Thomas Trout in *Bless the Bride,* the no expense-spared gypsy wedding (Ivor in profile, natch) from *Glamorous Night,* Noël, frog accent firmly in position, as an improbable French marquis in *Conversation Piece,* José Collins (one of the three great 'theatre' voices) surrounded by whiskery bandits in *The Maid of the Mountains,* goggle-eyed Leslie Henson splendidly inebriated in *Funny Face,* and the delightful singing-lesson scene at the beginning of *Bitter-Sweet,* with the singing-master hero played by George Metaxa, not Cochran's first choice for the rôle but the Viennese tenor whom he wanted was called Hans Unterfucker and it was generally felt that the name 'Metaxa' would look more attractive on the billboards. There is also a happy snap of the elaborate Temple Ballet from *Careless Rapture,* showing Ivor in a natty pair of elasticated gum boots, roomy black briefs and little else, advancing purposefully upon Miss Dorothy Dickson, herself attired in a flimsy négligée with rose-petal train and wearing in addition an expression of considerable alarm. One got one's money's worth in those days.

The Parkers have dug out some fascinating facts. In *Tonight's The Night,* the leading lady, Madge Saunders, was so sensationally beautiful that the Sultan of Zanzibar, visiting the Gaiety one evening, became so wildly enamoured of her that he informed the management that he wished to buy her. The Camel in *Chu Chin Chow,* an animal about whose welfare I used to worry as a boy, was being walked round His Majesty's Theatre one day in order to stretch its legs, or something, when it fell through a pavement-light into a cellar and was killed. The successor to this record-breaking musical was to be called *Mecca* but the Lord Chamberlain (and a truthful history of that risible office would be merry indeed) insisted that the title should be changed as the name Mecca used in this way might give offence to British Jewry. He stuck to his guns even when the management pointed out that a very popular medicament of the day was called Mecca Pills for Piles.

Roger Woddis

The Ballad of Left and Right

'We shall do best if we operate a mixed economy.' – Denis Healey.

Oh, Left is Left, and Right is Right,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till Worth and Waste are reconciled
On God's great Balance Sheet;
But there is neither Left nor Right,
Centre, nor Back, nor Sides,
Nor even point in arguing,
If Somebody so decides.

For He it is who does his Sums,
The Master who points the Way;
He knows what caused the winter strikes,
And who was to blame last May.
He treads a mixed and Middle Path
Between the two extremes;
The market forces he reveres
Loom largest in his dreams.

Oh, Left is Left, and Right is Right,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till both are pledged in loyalty
To guarantee his Seat;
But there is neither Left nor Right,
Beauty, nor Brawn, nor Brains,
When port and starboard wings unite,
With nothing to lose but their Keynes.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hermione Lee

La Bête Humaine

Studs Lonigan by JAMES T. FARRELL *Secker £9.95 and Panther £1.95*

> Q. Mr Farrell, the question of sex, which you say is a primary, basic question, runs all through the Lonigan books, does it not?
> A. It occurs again and again, yes ... Studs is at the age when it is a strong impulse, and Studs also has defective values and does not find a road to peace, health and prosperity; he finds a road to tragic deterioration.
> Q. You have him go into a burlesque show, and get sex aggravation watching the girls in the show bounce around there and strip ...
> A. It is a very boring and disgusting type of performance which the authorities of Chicago permitted ... It was a common feature of the world in which he lived ...
> Q. You do not say anything about it being a disgusting or nasty exhibition, you have him saying 'Take them off' and enjoying himself quite thoroughly.
> A. I try to be an artist, I try to present life accurately, vividly, and directly ... I do not think that anything human is foreign to me. I am very fond of what the Russian writer Chekhov says: 'Man will only become better when you make him see what he is like.'

Farrell's dogged testimony in his case against the Philadelphia police, who tried unsuccessfully in 1948 to ban the sales of *Studs Lonigan*, makes intriguing reading. Like Dreiser much earlier (several of whose novels were censored), Farrell found himself in trouble for his realistic, Zolaesque presentation of young men growing up in Chicago in the Twenties, and for his apparent omission of a moral commentary. The prosecution objected particularly to Studs's erotic twinges for his sister, to his participation in 'gang-shags', and to the line, used in a scene where soapbox orators are being heckled, 'I'm the travelling salesman that made Mary heavy with Christ.'

Farrell's defence was to argue the value of a meliorist naturalism, which by documenting the facts of one inglorious 'American tragedy' would serve as a useful sociological enterprise. Like other American naturalists, Farrell thought of his writing as actively reformist. His three-volume account, written between 1929 and 1935, of an ignorant, loutish, Irish Catholic boy who knows nothing of politics, fears and hates Jews, negroes and radicals, never achieves anything or frees himself from his environment, has a dreary, muddled sex-life, and dies of pneumonia at the age of 30, is written out of his own background, out of 'all I decided I would not be and did not want to be'. Farrell's programme for the novel can be traced back to Zola, who wrote in 1893 of the 'high morality' of naturalism, which by scientifically dissecting the human machinery, might construct a 'practical sociology' for improving man's environment.

It's not a view of fiction that has endured. American (and English) novels have lost that kind of conviction in their political role; indignation has retreated into fantasy and satire. The big, solemn naturalist novels of the first third of the century sleep on their shelves, though Penguin Books have made a brave try, keeping Dos Passos's *USA* and Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* in print, and more recently reissuing two exceptionally good 'realist' works (and two of Farrell's favourite books), Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, and Henry Roth's *Call it Sleep*. But who reads *An American Tragedy* or *The Octopus*, *Babbitt* or *Look Homeward, Angel*? Dreiser's determinism, Sinclair Lewis's laborious records of a middlebrow consumer society, Thomas Wolfe's sub-Joycean elegies for lost innocence seem, now, like embarrassing curiosities,

dinosaurs of fiction, too large and ungainly for survival. Farrell testified in 1948 to the popularity and effectiveness of *Studs Lonigan* ('it is required reading in sociology and criminology in many universities of this country'), but it's as hard now to think of it as an influential Marxist text as it is to be shocked, with the Philadelphia police, by its conscientious descriptions of 'gang-shags' and stripshows. The reissue of *Studs Lonigan*, the television film of the novel, and Farrell's recent death, may arouse fresh interest; but it's difficult to imagine a lasting Farrell revival.

As a period piece and an example of a *genre* *Studs Lonigan* is highly interesting, but it's no masterpiece. Farrell's sense of duty to real life is unfortunate: the trilogy is far too long, and the many scenes of boredom in pool rooms and on street corners ('What'll we do now?') are numbingly unselective. Edmund Wilson said, harshly, of reading *Sister Carrie*, that it is 'to suffer all the agonies of being out of work without being rewarded by the aesthetic pleasures which art is supposed to supply'. Farrell inherits Dreiser's over-commitment to subject-matter, and the kind of unenchanting prose which made H. L. Mencken, while praising Dreiser's big scope, exclaim in despair of his style: 'What is one to say of such dreadful bilge?' For instances, 'A brilliant sun scorched the impoverished trees and sucked energy from the frail breezes that simpered off a distant Lake Michigan.' 'His face was a gaze of primal obtuseness.' 'Somehow, some day, he was going to pull a royal flush out of the deck of life.'

To look for Jamesian elegance in documentary realism may be wrongheaded (though *Winesburg, Ohio* shows that it can be done). Frank Norris, author of *The Octopus* (a Californian epic of the war between the wheat growers and the railroad trust), believed that stylelessness made a political point: 'I detest "fine writing", "elegant English" – tommyrot. We don't want literature, we want life.' Farrell belongs to that school of thought, which was as much concerned to make the American novel un-English as un-genteel, by using a language which, as Edmund Wilson said in *I Thought of Daisy*, had been considered fit only 'for the uses of a prosaic trade or of a plebeian extravagance and irony'. By Farrell's time the native naturalist novel was commonplace, and he had sucked up, with almost alarming eclecticism, not only the massive influences of Joyce and Proust, Tolstoy and Flaubert, but also the most striking features of all his predecessors. Studs's dismal quest for employment in the Depression is straight out of *Sister Carrie*; the 'small town' atmosphere of Chicago's Irish Catholic South Side owes a lot to Anderson's 'intimate worlds', and the interpolation of radio programmes, headlines and newsreels into the narrative imitates *The 42nd Parallel* (the first part of *USA*), though Farrell is careful to present his media-material as it affects the characters, and not, as in Dos Passos, impersonally juxtaposed with their lives. Farrell may have had doubts about the 'mechanical interlardings' in *USA*, but, like Dos Passos, he believed that his novel should be 'mostly the speech of the people'. Interestingly, though, Farrell's use of a 'plebeian' language harks back to the very beginnings of the naturalist tradition. We first see Studs stealing a quick smoke in the bathroom and singing his own praises in the folk-language of Twain's river-pilots in *Life on the Mississippi*: 'I'm so tough that you know what happens? Well, bo, when I spit ... rivers overflow ... I'm so hard that I chew nails ... See, bo!'

Rawness of style may be a necessary ingredient of naturalism, but flatness of character is a more distressing factor. From *The Red Badge of Courage* onwards, the determinist novel had to solve an imbalance between individuals and environment. How was the representative victim of pre-established social conditions also to be interesting? What was to become of heroes and heroines? Dreiser's best novels work by pitting the characters' unconscious drive for survival and pleasure against social conditions which don't allow for personal fulfilment; Dos Passos succeeds, by technical virtuosity, in making his central figures at once representative of, and diminished by, their environment. Other heroes of real-

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ism don't come off so well: Jurgis, in *The Jungle*, sinks under the necessity of representing all suffering immigrant workers in the Chicago stockyards (*and* of being finally converted to socialism), and Babbitt uneasily has to stand for a consumer society, while being secretly a sensitive soul in flight from materialism.

This is very much Farrell's problem. Studs's life has rather too obviously to run a course, as Farrell said, 'parallel to that of American economy'. In 1916, 15-year-old 'Young Lonigan' dreams of growing up to be 'strong, and tough, and the real stuff'. During the Twenties the Lonigans move out of an increasingly black neighbourhood, and Studs wastes his youth drinking and hanging about. His 'crash' comes (of course) in 1929, when he's beaten up and left in the gutter after a violent New Year's Eve party. In the third novel, 'Judgment Day', the Lonigans are suffering from the Depression, and Studs finds himself with a weak heart, a paunch, and a dreary girlfriend who gets pregnant. (Like Dos Passos, Farrell presents women either as wretched whores or nagging nestbuilders.) The trilogy ends with Studs on his death-bed and Lonigan *père*, drunk and maudlin, encountering a socialist march and dimly realising that these filthy Bolsheviks are happier than he is.

Farrell resists what he calls the 'wishfulfilment' endings of revolutionary fictions. The Lonigans must remain mindless and incoherent, expressing the typical prejudices of their class and type, victims of an economic situation they can't grasp. But because Studs also has to be pitiful he's invested with Tom Sawyerish fantasies of love and heroism. An uneasy mixture, but it forms part of a consistent plan: to document a typically unglamorous and muddled American youth, without commentary.

At times the plan slips: a sociologist is introduced to explain racial tensions in Chicago, or a contemporary of Studs, Danny O'Neill (the hero of Farrell's *next* trilogy) is made to reject his environment much as 'Young Farrell' must have done. There are odd interpolations into Studs's language, too, as when Studs calls a hunchback 'old plug-ugly' and the narrator, in the same sentence, calls him 'an approaching series of cubistic planes'. But, if only by sheer doggedness, the book does do two things at once, and effectively: it makes you feel like Studs, and it makes you see what has produced him. Its most memorable scenes – big, grim set-pieces like the dance marathon or the initiation ritual to a Catholic order, metaphors of exploitation – are strong enough to make a good case for the uses of honest indignation in fiction.

John Keegan

Only Connect

No Man's Land: Combat and Identity in World War I by ERIC J. LEED *Cambridge* £10.50
Blitzkrieg by LEN DEIGHTON *Cape* £5.95

What is the connection between the first world war and the second? Twenty-one years apart in time from close to outbreak (22 if you are a Russian, 24 if American), their battlefields – Belgium, northern France, East Prussia, the plain of the Po, Macedonia, the Ukraine, the Caucasus, Iraq, Libya – overlap with eerie coincidence. So too do their *dramatis personae*. Almost all the senior commanders and many of the political leaders of 1939-45 had been young soldiers of 1914-18: de Gaulle, a subaltern in Colonel Pétain's 33rd Regiment in 1914, captured at Verdun; Montgomery, bayoneted in the First Battle of Ypres; de Lattre, run through by a uhlan's sword in the Battle of the Frontiers (he survived this chivalric wound to pit his wits against Ho Chi Minh in 1951); MacArthur, decorated for bravery in the Meuse-Argonne; Tito, a sergeant of Franz Joseph's army, captured by the Russians in 1915; Zhukov and Timoshenko, both Tsarist cavalry troopers; Mussolini, sergeant of infantry on the Isonzo; and, of course, Hitler, message-runner of the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment. Some had not been so junior. Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1939, had commanded the British Army in North Russia in 1918; Gamelin and Weygand, who presided over the debacle of 1940, had been chiefs of staff to Joffre and Foch. Even some of the material which had made face to the enemy in the first war was wheeled out for the second. The Renault FT tanks which the panzer divisions brushed aside with such contemptuous ease in 1940 had been built for the Allied offensive of 1918; while *Warspite* and *Barham*, units of the Home and Mediterranean fleets in 1939, had been present at the Battle of Jutland – as indeed had Midshipman King George VI.

But these aren't, of course, the connections for which we are looking. It is perfectly true that the commanders of the second world war had been profoundly influenced by their experience of the first. Montgomery and Guderian, for example, have specifically testified that their distinctive method of command, which took them constantly into the front line, was a deliberate reaction to the chateau generalship which they had only narrowly survived as subalterns. But the adaptation made by these full-time warriors was a professional act. It implied no judgment about the rights and wrongs of the first world war as an international event and absolutely nothing about the tendency of the first world war to precipitate the second. Nor should one expect such judgments from soldiers, who accept the ingredients and periodicity of warfare as civilians accept the seasons. Indeed, such is the effect of shared *déformation professionelle* on their satellites, the academic military historians, that at a conference held at Sandhurst in November 1978 to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the Armistice, some were actually driven to arguing that the experience of the trenches was to be valued because, without its tutorial effect, the ordeals of the second world war could not have been borne.

This extraordinary exaggeration of the historicist approach was nonetheless welcome for suggesting what military historians of the hard school are most anxious to deny: that wars can desensitise whole populations and, by so doing, predispose them to fight more readily in the future. The proposition is so large that it invites exploration of a superficial and messy sort, and that is usually what it has got, particularly from social psychologists. But curiously some literary critics have been sharper and more convincing. In 1929 Jean Cru published, in his remarkable and now unjustly forgotten *Témoins,* an analysis of the memoirs of 300 survivors – novelists, poets and autobiographers – which warned heavily of the dehumanising effects of combat. Paul Fussell's *Great War and Modern Memory* (1975), a larger and even more sensitive analysis of the British memoirists, argued that the first world war had changed modern man's whole way of looking at the world, and not for the better. Neither went as far as contending that the survivors infected civil society with the disregard for human life that they had learnt in the trenches. But the implication lingered for the reader to garner.

Eric Leed, in *No Man's Land,* has now picked it up and, through an examination of German as well as French and English writing, attempted to give it force. The effort is impressive. He begins with the thesis that August 1914 was seen by the youth of industrial Europe as offering the opportunity to escape from 'the boredom, materiality and mechanisation of everyday life' into unselfish comradeship – from bourgeois *Gesellschaft* to heroic *Gemeinschaft.* In two long central chapters he shows how the escape came to be recognised as illusory, industrialism pursuing youth on to the battlefield and eviscerating him there as certainly as it did in the factory, and far more quickly. The direct psychological effects of the disillusionment form the subject of an arresting penultimate chapter on war neurosis, which he believes to have been far more widespread than contemporary medical opinion would allow. The indirect psychological effects, on those who emerged from the war 'sane', form the subject of his conclusions, which amount to representing fascist politics as a transvaluation of the war experience. To get from his starting point to his destination in 200 pages Professor Leed has to jump from one pinnacle of ideas to another, rather than lay a causeway across them, but he leads his reader through the dance with elegance, introduces him painlessly to some usually inaccessible theorists en route and arrives with him at the end still more or less in step, if a little out of breath.

Probably his best idea, not original but very well treated, is that of the invasion of the battlefield by the industrial revolution. It forms effectively the central theme of Len Deighton's latest instalment of his one-man history of the second world war. In *Bomber* he produced a hair-raising indictment of strategic (i.e. anti-civilian) bombing. In *Fighter,* fact instead of fiction, he advanced a highly original investigation of the Battle of Britain, which was widely praised by veterans and academic historians alike. In *Blitzkrieg* he uses the same methods, a detailed study of the equipment available to the two sides and of the responses made to its potentiality by the high commands, to recount the story of the German victory of May 1940. His text is

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How does the human brain work?

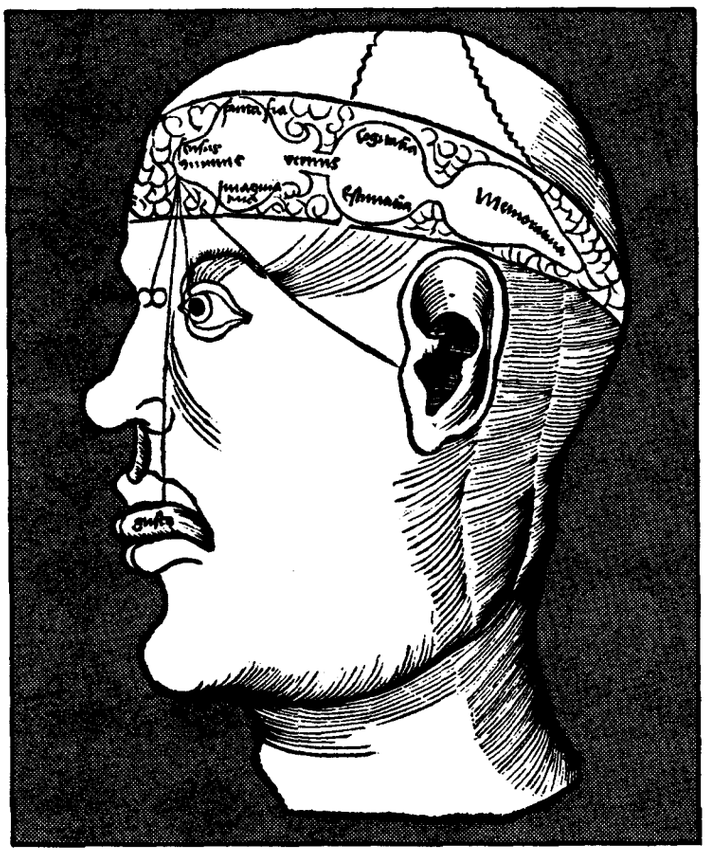

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Illustration from Gregor Reisch's *Margarita Philosophica*, 1504.

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supported by maps and drawings of very high quality and the book as an object is beautifully produced – at today's prices a quite remarkable bargain. But the text too contains some gems of research and some arresting conclusions. We nowadays take it for granted that both the British and French armies were emotionally unattuned to the technology of mechanised warfare, while the German army had seized on it and made it its own. We also know that the French army had rather more tanks than the German in 1940 and its failure to profit by that superiority is usually ascribed to wrong mental attitudes. What Mr Deighton is able to show in *Blitzkrieg* is that much of the French army's modern material, both tanks and aircraft, was not committed to the battlefront at all.

These two books therefore bear out the conventional historical wisdom of the two wars: that the first was an emotional agony, the second a technological triumph. But it isn't, of course, the technology of the second world war which continues to obsess the 20th-century mind, but the terrible emotional perversity of 'behind the lines'. What taught men in uniform to kill all those civilians – by gassing them, machine-gunning, dropping bombs on them? What had burnt out their revulsion from the spectacle of millions and millions of bodies? What *is* the connection between the first world war and the second?

Helen McNeil

The Plathetic Fallacy

Sylvia Plath: New Views on the Poetry edited by Gary Lane *Johns Hopkins University Press* £6.95
Sylvia Plath: The Woman and the Work edited by Edward Butscher *Peter Owen* £7.95

She lived and she wrote and then she died. Two more academic studies on Sylvia Plath won't tell us why and the more they ask, the less interesting a correct answer seems to be. The point is surely how many images of Plath there can be, and these 27 essays show that there are already too many. Objectified now beyond her wildest schizoid fears, famous to just about the level her high ambition set for her, the sanctified Plath displays a different face to all who look at her, just as she tried to do almost to the end of her life. Her very name has taken on a mythic instability: Sivvy the dutiful daughter and literary acolyte, Sylvia the female victim, Plath the author of the poems.

More than half the essays in Edward Butscher's collection are memoirs of Sivvy-Sylvia by teachers, friends and literary ghouls. After the vulgarity of Butscher's *Sylvia Plath: A Critical Biography*, his introduction here has almost the polite solipsism of the 19th-century literary tourist: 'North Tawton itself was a delightful surprise.' Taken together, the memoirs, some quite moving, participate in an exploitation whose victim might well have smiled, recognising one of her own techniques. It is no accident that so many of Plath's poems are about the striptease of authenticity, that so many of them only interpret inwards, drawing the reader through standardly ambiguous metaphors down to the bedrock of uninterpretable – because radically ambiguous – material from the private life.

Gary Lane's *Sylvia Plath: New Views on the Poetry* is the most consistently intelligent collection of essays on Plath's work since Charles Newman's *The Art of Sylvia Plath* almost ten years ago. Even the inevitable 'theme, image and influence' essays examine their own method as they go along, a reflective awareness essential with such a seductive poet. Marjorie Perloff's sparkling sceptical essay on Plath's 'Sivvy' persona, and Murray Schwartz and Christopher Bollas's analysis of Plath's mind move into the volatile space which lies between the sensibility and the poems.

The dead are notoriously uncurable, and so to the therapeutic minds of Schwartz and Bollas a suicide like Plath must be a failure, no matter how many good poems she wrote. At first glance Schwartz and Bollas look like the worst kind of psychological know-alls, presenting Plath as if she were her illness, 'conflicted', unable to love or accept love, a shell of expression with an 'absence at the centre'. Schwartz and Bollas's after-the-fact causality sticks out all the more for being expressed by self-consciously non-scientific formulations: 'we experience' Plath, they say. 'We imagine', 'we suggest'. Yet the suggestions strike home. The essay appears to have diagrammed with awesome accuracy the Laingian double-bind in which Plath found herself, where attempted escapes from threats took her back to the precise childhood places where the threats originated, until every effort ritualised itself into a ghastly repetitious gesture which Plath hated, hating herself at the same time. Every action in the life, as in the poetry, carried an overdetermined symbolic burden. Her suicide, as crime against self, functioned both as a punishment of others and as a protection against her own murderous impulses. For those who aren't up to murdering 'Daddy', suicide is the perfect divorce.

Schwartz and Bollas's receptivity to contradictions and multiple readings ends abruptly when poems begin. They read the 'murderous rage' of 'Lady Lazarus' utterly straight, as if Plath would maintain for more than two lines her fiction that 'I eat men like air.' When Plath uses Freudian categories, says Carole Ferrier's feminist essay, 'we must be aware that she is using these ironically'. Yet Plath could not so easily put on the power with the knowledge. When the typical Plath poem breaks about halfway through and the story behind the image comes out, it shows a family romance to which there can never be a happy end.

Many of Plath's critical readers (Bedient, Kenner, McClachy, Perloff, Shapiro) are troubled by the smallness of her collection of images: is this a sign of a minor poet? It certainly impoverishes the *Colossus* poems. All of Plath's poetry involved an effort to grasp a tangle of states and emotions in a much smaller compass of images. At first this strain is systematically suppressed in order to produce acceptable Fifties poems. But as Ted Hughes says in his introduction to Plath's *Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams*, she had a straight path towards what was most important for her, and her life was a progress towards this point. In 'Death & Co', 'Daddy', 'Edge', the bee poems, and about a dozen others written in the last year of her life, Plath got to this authentic voice, but at a probable psychic price. As long as they were externalised artefacts, the poems could function as barriers and counters in a negotiation with the world. As the poems became more flexible and orginal they could no longer serve as a kind of currency for Plath. They could no longer protect her, since in a sense they had *become* her.

In these dozen or so last poems, Plath uses her few obsessive images of moon, stone, water, egg, bee, and her colours white, black and blood red, but they don't 'interpret' neatly as in *The Colossus* and the transitional poems. Instead they are aggressively, almost sloppily, just *there*, as illegible as things. When Plath embraced the schizoid imagery of contradictions, she may have been playing with fire emotionally, but she also got her hitherto predictable style into a new area, where image and emotion interact without one being exploited as a means to get to the other. It is the same with structure: obvious, unavoidable rhymes parody order, repetitions don't work as refrains. These are lyrics, but they are black lyrics (or anti-lyrics, as Perloff calls them). Plath takes lyric emotion as a means of investigating contradiction and rage, and she uses the lyric's conventional insulation from intellectual analysis as a way to release emotions that have no nice conclusions. For all their harshness these last poems are songlike.

If the woman who speaks in Plath's lyrics is raging at Daddy, she isn't free of him yet, but she has got loose from Electra's insatiable desire to please, and her language has torn itself from its traditional Oedipal role as a counter or token for other, ostensibly more real objects. This is a brilliant and radical accomplishment, enough for any lifetime. Yet there is a growing resentment of Plath. Joyce Carol Oates and Calvin Bedient blame Plath for their own misunderstandings of Romanticism. Perloff stresses the limits of Plath's artifice and denies her honesty. In his excursive essay on Fifties politics and literature, Joel Conarroe, to his credit, can't quite find a revolutionary political consciousness in the deterministic Plath.

The truth is, that a poet so usable gets used up. For every undergraduate carried away by the image of Sylvia the plathetic, the girl whose suffering proves she is a true poet, there is a Professor Hugh Kenner or Irving Howe tartly pointing out Plath's failings. Several essayists hint that they might say nicer things about Plath if she were not constantly being overpraised by the sort of critics one does not want one's poets to be associated with. After all, emblems are there for all to use. The sensitive Butscher describes a vision of Plath he once had in Hyde Park: 'My mind's eye sought out its own gift of nourishment, swirled around in lines of lightning from *Ariel*.'

Unless there is some check on the Plath industry (unlikely) or a prompt *Collected Works* (unlikely), Plath may end as another Dylan Thomas, worshipped blindly by one

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generation as a symbol of creative self-destruction, and then spitefully ignored by the next generation as part of their own little rejection of the genius and the goddess of daddy and mummy.

Christopher Hitchens

Images

The Palestinians by JONATHAN DIMBLEBY *Quartet* £12.50 and £2.95
Palestinians: From Peasants to Revolutionaries by ROSEMARY SAYIGH *Zed Press* £8.95

The obvious is a tricky concept. One might have thought that by now there had been enough books, and enough evidence in general, to have established the Palestinians as an autonomous force in the 'Middle East'. Even when they were only famous for being forgotten they had succeeded in impressing themselves on the general consciousness. At times they have even appeared on screen looking urbane and persuasive. Many of us who have actually gone and observed Palestinians, running banks and airlines with the same *élan* they bring to the work of the clinic and the refugee camp, were tolerably certain that they did exist – and sometimes the traveller's tale was believed. And then Andrew Young gets the bullet for acknowledging the PLO 'officially', and we are back on the dreary old treadmill which Golda Meir once set turning with the dismissive line: 'There was no such thing as a Palestinian people . . . they did not exist.'

This necessity, of establishing the right to be taken into account, informs all Palestinian conversation with foreigners. Jonathan Dimbleby has caught its repetitive and insistent tone rather well in his book. After a brief historical exegesis, which ranges over the familiar points about the British Mandate and the Holocaust, he is off and running. He finds Palestinians in their infinite variety of occupations and countries; always passionate, always enterprising, always proud and always extremely keen to talk about themselves. As Dimbleby rightly says: 'Occasionally Palestinians project an image to meet the expectations that others have of them.' As far as he can in what is really a long essay, he has disentangled the people from images, whether self-imposed or superimposed. Since he has done the book with Donald McCullin, who is the best photographer we have on this kind of story, there is rarely a description or an anecdote which does not have a vivid illustration to lend it some depth. It would be impossible to turn these pages and retain the conviction that the word 'Palestinian' is just another synonym for terrorist or desperado. Here they are. Judge for yourselves.

There is, though, a dark side to the canvas, and Dimbleby does his best to deal with it while maintaining his original sympathetic thrust. As exiles, often strategically placed and with great reserves of skill and talent, the Palestinians are wooed by every kind of cynical Arab government. The result – gang feuds, slush funds, revenge killings and the rest – is ugly and self-defeating. Nor will it please everybody to learn that many Palestinian guerrillas are convinced that there is no such thing as an Israeli civilian. Dimbleby here falls back on the straight reporter's technique, and simply records the fact, together with the Palestinian counter-claim that all Israelis do have to serve in the army, and that the Israeli air force goes in for indiscriminate bombing.

He writes well, managing to remain *engagé* without slipping into the pitfalls of sentimentality which sometimes yawn in his path. On occasion the atmosphere is poorly evoked or overdone (and 'cyprus trees', by the way, may sound Levantine and exotic but in point of fact do not exist). Still, he has caught the flavour of the Palestinians themselves, and although he writes as someone who knows them pretty well he hasn't lost the capacity to be surprised at their amazing combination of traditional values with modern revolutionary and international politics.

If Dimbleby is the journalistic advocate for the Palestinians, Rosemary Sayigh is their sociologist. Herself married to a Palestinian academic, she has spent years visiting and anatomising the refugee settlements which make up their primary social base. To say that she was 'unashamedly partisan' would be an understatement; for practical purposes she *is* a Palestinian. She traces peasant society from before the foundation of Israel, and follows it through the years of the diaspora to its recent 'coming together' as a people without a country but with a government and an army. I found the most absorbing sections to be those which dealt with the social and psychological effects of the original 'displacement'. Loss of 'the land' is a great personal shame in the Arab world, and many of the complexities in the Palestinian consciousness arise from the 'uprooting' of 1948.

Sayigh's method is rather reminiscent of Studs Terkel; she has a great deal of direct speech in her pages, taken from Palestinians of all kinds describing their experiences and attitudes. Much of this is memory of the Palestine they lost, and efforts to transmit the longing for 'the return' to their children. Some of the stories are extremely moving and well told – it is not the least of the ironies of the Israel-Palestine conflict that we have so little information on the very event (the emptying of Arab Palestine) which gave it birth. Sayigh's book is a real effort to fill in that gap, and would be well worth reading for that reason alone.

Her subjects tend to refer to themselves as 'the donkeys of the earth'; people who have been driven and exploited by Arab systems just as much as by the Zionist colonisation. She clearly prefers the ones who have learned to fight, and who use the struggle as a means of overcoming their sense of subordination. There is a clear echo of Fanon in her analysis, and the book is in part dedicated to the fighters of Tel Al Zataar camp, whose stand has become the Palestinian equivalent of Masada. This is 'history to the defeated', but written by an optimist and a combatant.

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN SPURLING's play *Antigone Through the Looking Glass* opens at the King's Head Theatre at lunchtime on Monday.

IAN HAMILTON was the editor of the *New Review*. He is currently working on the authorised biography of Robert Lowell.

Poverty and the impact of income maintenance programmes in four developed countries: Case studies of Australia, Belgium, Norway and Great Britain *by Wilfred Beckerman in collaboration with W. van Ginneken, R. Szal and M. Garzuel*
Presents comparative estimates of the level of poverty in four typical developed market economy countries, both before and after the transfer of benefits under income maintenance programmes. New concepts are suggested of measurement of the 'efficiency' of those programmes to reduce poverty. The findings will be of interest to all those concerned about the effectiveness of programmes to eradicate poverty.
ISBN 92-2 102063-0 (hard cover) £6.90
ISBN 92-2-102064-9 (limp cover) £4.40

Fiscal measures for poverty alleviation in the United States *by David Hsieh*
An attempt is made to bring together available evidence on the successfulness of over a decade of anti-poverty fiscal programmes in the US. The analysis includes a description of the poor, as well as assessments of the major anti-poverty fiscal expenditures and taxes. Suggestions are offered as to ways in which the shortcomings of the existing fiscal system might be overcome.
ISBN 92-2-102107-6 £5.00

Women in rural development. The People's Republic of China *by Elisabeth Croll*
The author describes the entry of women into social production, the division of labour between the sexes that has been generated and the constraints influencing full participation of women in non-domestic production.
ISBN 92-2-102054-1 £3.75

Safety and health of migrant workers – International Symposium. International Symposium on Safety and Health of Migrant Workers, Cavtat-Dubrovnik *Occupational Safety and Health Series, No. 41*
The reports and communications fall into the following categories: epidemiology and statistics of occupational accidents and morbidity in migrant workers; sanitary, occupational, geographical, social, economic, juridical, cultural, linguistic and other factors having an effect on their safety and health; organisation of health care and practical prevention measures, female migrant workers.
ISBN 92-2-001906-X £7.50

Introduction to work study *Third (revised) edition, 1979*
This highly successful bestseller is known throughout the world as the best available introduction to the subject. This new revised edition takes full account of recent advances in work study, especially with respect to working conditions, work measurement, predetermined time standards, standard data and modern developments in work organisation.
ISBN 92-2-101939-X £6.25

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Ian Hamilton

The Prudence Farmer Award

On the face of it, a smart move of Gavin Ewart's to call one of his NS poems 'The Prize Winning Poem' and as the outside judge of this year's Prudence Farmer Prize I would love to have been able to oblige. In fact, though, Ewart's little pastiche was of the type of soppy carol that might have mopped up the silverware in 1912. If he had wished to be truly mischievous, he should have taken a crack at the 1979 version. Who knows, he might have fooled us all.

But what, roughly speaking, would the 1979 version be like? Well, to judge not only from the crop of poems published in the last year's NEW STATESMAN, but also from other periodicals, other prizes, it would be neat, knowing and grim-whimsical; it would be in short-lined free verse chopped up into quatrains or couplets; it would have a cheekily decorated surface which would yield (mock-reluctantly) to a bleak, portentous punchline; it would almost certainly have something in it about food; it would have one or two tough dictionary words and a generous scattering of outlandish similes. What it wouldn't have is simplicity, strength of feeling, or unforced directness of expression. Once read, once garlanded, it would (apart from a few bright phrases) very likely be forgotten. And best of all, it wouldn't seem to mind this very much.

Without *wishing* to name names, I did find that about two-thirds of the 75 or so poems under scrutiny fitted most, if not all, of the criteria outlined above and it must be said that I decided pretty early on that the 'prize-winning poem' wasn't going to win *this* prize. Of the other third, there were the usual pale, dull pieces that all magazines find themselves accepting from time to time – quite wise, quite well-turned, quite OK really, but probably no more enduring or instructive than the book reviews above them. All in all, it wasn't difficult to isolate the handful of poems, or bits of poems, that might bear a second read.

Of these, the bit of a poem that deserves a prize all to itself was surely Kingsley Amis's couplet:

> Death has got something to be said for it,
> There's no need to get out of bed for it.

It will be a long time before I forget *that*, and it's a real pity that the next bit of Amis's quatrain was so weakly throw-away.

A pity too that none of the Gavin Ewart poems quite belonged among his best. Perhaps the most likeable of current poets, Ewart gets more confident and inventive every year. I enjoyed a lot of things in his 'An Old Husband Suspects Adultery' – hubby is 'just beginning to feel in the mood' when the phone rings; she answers it and 'I could hear him darlinging', and then:

> She hung up
> and climbed back into bed. Like Robin Hood
> he'd robbed the rich – before he'd rung up
> I'd really felt like doing it,
> but now the thread was lost – Eve, so naked,
> couldn't tempt me now into pursuing it.

Even so, one can't give a chap a prize just because one feels *sorry* for him.

There are other lines and stanzas I could quote (both Christopher Reid and Craig Raine can, in their calmer moments, come up with genuinely arresting, unflashy formulations) but, as to whole poems, there were only four on my final short-list. I liked Andrew Motion's 'The Main Characters'; Motion is a poet who does write directly and with feeling, and he has a sad, concentrated eye for the way in which nature actually behaves:

> It is ending like any other
> midwinter day: with no sunset
> but one slender stripe of green
> becoming grey, and the shadows
> hardened on that bare bough
> which knocks my window-pane

His fault at the moment, though, is that he isn't ruthless enough with the flatter, wanner stretches of sincerity that tend to creep in near the ends of otherwise strong poems. Still, I had him slightly ahead of the two other non-winning poems on my list: Peter Porter's 'Capulets and Montagues' and Tom Paulin's 'The Impossible Pictures'.

The winning poem turned out to be (if this makes sense) the one I wanted to like most: John Fuller's strange, ambitious elegy for Francis Hope. Wanted to, because Hope was a good friend of mine and a brilliant writer for this paper. His death five years ago (in the DC 10 air disaster) still haunts and angers those who knew him well; like Fuller, we quite simply yearn to bring him alive again. There are weaknesses in 'In the Corridor', particularly at the very end when it drifts off into poetic generalities, but in the main it seems to me a grave, skilful and often very moving attempt at an almost impossible 'subject'.

John Fuller

In the Corridor

Francis, it *was* you yesterday, though I knew you were dead,
  Smiling and nodding your head
As though your long-kept secret could wait a little while
  To be recounted in style,
Fondly amused at my pain and excitement at seeing you there,
  At seeing you anywhere
When I thought, when I knew, the historical you that really mattered
  Had been so cruelly scattered.
It must have been you I recognised as much as the once alive,
  Unless those who survive
Go on and on as they did investing the shapes of friends
  For their own strange ends
With the voice and significance of what affects them most.
  Like an over-insistent host.
'Francis what *happened?* Tell me. Tell me how you escaped.'
  I silently mouthed and gaped,
Eager and simple for a startling truth. I was so compelled
  To what seemed to be withheld
That I moved along the corridor towards your stillness
  As doctors deal with illness,
Reckless of answers that the only cure requires,
  Immune to its desires.
But of course the darkness shielded you from inquisition
  And I froze in the position
Of one whom the dead night's noiseprint has suddenly caught awake
  Like one frog in a lake
When all else is slow mist rising to meet the moon
  And the first light all too soon
Shocks us to a reappraisal of that brief deep
  And self-satisfied sleep
Which is our charmed life. In the corridor
  My bare feet on the floor
Were rooted even as I thought I began to tread
  In drawn and willing dread
The several thousand and worn stitches that lay between
  Its invisible brown and green.
You will forgive, I am sure, that craven breaking of the spell
  Though you may have wished to tell
Secrets that only such silence and respect of fear
  Ever allow us to hear.
Francis, now I have seen you once more, knowing you are dead,
  Though nothing at all was said,
I know that for you the future has ceased at all to exist
  And will not be much missed.
Only our sorrow for you will come again and again
  And goes some way to explain
Why there is fit passage for its evidence of our fears
  In a few words and tears.

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Nicholas Shrimpton

Killing Time

A Coat of Varnish by C. P. SNOW *Macmillan* £5.95
The Intruder by GILLIAN TINDALL *Hodder & Stoughton* £5.95
The Wise Virgins by LEONARD WOOLF *Hogarth Press* £6.50
Wild Nights by EMMA TENNANT *Cape* £4.50

Bloody murder is not the first thing you associate with C. P. Snow. He did begin his career with a detective story, of course, and in 1968 he altered his plans for the Lewis Eliot saga to include a version of Myra Hindley. But it still comes as a surprise to find him, nearly fifty years after *Death Under Sail*, returning to the whodunit. The return is made, in *A Coat of Varnish*, with both marvellous assurance and considerable sophistication of intent.

The setting is a Belgravia square during the heatwave of 1976. The oldest inhabitant, Lady Ashbrook, is waiting to hear whether she has a fatal cancer, and the book seems at first to be simply a study of a community's reactions to imminent death. When the tests prove to be negative the square duly celebrates her reprieve. We have some discussion of that parental fondness which Snow has elsewhere called 'the darkness of the heart' and the beginnings of a mature love affair. Then comes the shock. Lady Ashbrook is horribly murdered (the first policeman on the scene throws up; so might you) and we awake to the novel's real character.

The investigation rapidly establishes that the murderer must belong to the small circle of her ladyship's neighbours. Aylestone Square, described in the first chapter as a collection of mansions joined together, suddenly begins to function as the single country house of the classic English detective story. From their almost contiguous rooms the potentially guilty parties eye each other. Meanwhile the constabulary tramps from drawing-room to drawing-room, trying to make sense of an alien social group. Eventually, of course, a suspect is summoned for interrogation.

All this is handled, as you would expect, with conspicuous skill. Whether we are dining out with an ambitious Labour MP, or discussing anatomy in the Metropolitan Police morgue, Snow knows the ground as few of our contemporary novelists could do and his expertise gives the narrative a wonderful solidity. But this isn't just a whodunit with an unusual depth of background. The novel ends without a solution, betraying at the last minute the central convention of the genre to which it belongs.

The omission is as effective as it is infuriating. It emphasises the intractability of real criminal investigation, insists that evidence is never pure and rarely simple. It also makes sense of a title which had previously seemed perilously slight. When a mob of sporting hooligans bursts into the square's quiet local, Alec Luria (an irritating American pundit), remarks upon the frugality of civilisation. Only a coat of varnish, he suggests, separates society from 'the horrors underneath'. At the time the observation seems more snobbish than sagacious. But at the end of the book, with the still unidentified murderer resuming life in the intimate world of the square, the point strikes home. Snow is returning to the distress which prompted *The Sleep of Reason*. Why do intelligent and affluent human beings commit brutal crimes? In what way, if any, do they differ from people like ourselves?

In the earlier novel the question had been bound up with the topic of 'freedom'. Had the dissolution of coercive moral codes encouraged cruelty? Here the enquiry is rather different. Throughout his work Snow has been concerned with worldly success and failure, and he has on occasion been much criticised for it. Yet here it is just such an obsession which provides the likely motives for the crime. The two chief suspects are impelled, respectively, by a fear of failure and by failure itself. The moral drama casts an intriguing light upon almost all of Snow's previous fiction.

There are some blemishes. Few NEW STATESMAN readers will be convinced by the article attributed to this journal in Chapter 15. More seriously, given that this is a detective story, there is a nasty mix-up of dates in the week before the murder. After three different days have been identified as the 19th of July the amateur sleuth is entitled to feel puzzled. But it remains an impressive novel, as elegant and capacious as the Belgravia houses in which it is set.

Equally accomplished, though rather less substantial, is Gillian Tindall's *The Intruder*. This is the uncomfortable story of an Englishwoman living in rural France during the second world war. Compellingly narrated, it has a remarkably sharp eye for the physical details of day-to-day survival. After this book self-sufficiency will never seem the same again. But only at moments, such as the heroine's despairing perception that 'History couldn't possibly be true because it was too awful', does the novel rise to the emotional and intellectual demands of the considerable disaster with which it ends.

Leonard Woolf's *The Wise Virgins* failed to sell when it was first published because of the simultaneous outbreak of the first world war. In the current state of the Bloomsbury market it would, I suspect, take Armageddon itself to harm the sales of a *roman à clef* about Leonard's courtship of Virginia. For those not hungry for the least crumb from an Omega Workshop table, however, the opening chapters are distinctly unpromising. Fortunately, towards the end, a stroke of wit redeems the novel. The hero has been liberating a genteel suburban girl with gobbets of Dostoievsky and Ibsen. Suddenly she takes him at his word, rejects convention, and offers to sleep with him. The apostle of progress gives a terrified murmur of 'But think what your mother would say', before declining with amusingly predictable speed into bourgeois marriage and a job in the city.

The novel as luminous semi-transparent envelope, advocated by Leonard Woolf's wife, is what Emma Tennant offers us in *Wild Nights*. A childhood spent in Scotland and the West Country is recreated in the form of a Gothic fantasy in which two symbolic aunts hold alternate sway. The elaborate prose suffered for me from its supposition that ten images are always better than one – though the title may be from Emily Dickinson the verbal manner isn't. And I couldn't help feeling that Snow's symmetrical gig-lamps cast a lot more light.

Thomas Flanagan
The Year of the French

'It is so good a novel that life seems more desirable. When a work of art does that for you, it has great quality.'
C.P. Snow, Financial Times

'A magnificent and beautifully written historical novel . . . anyone who does want to try to understand the Ireland of today would do well to read this book.'
Conor Cruise O'Brien, The Observer

'It stands as the greatest work of its genre to have appeared on an Irish theme in our generation . . . written with the utmost delicacy and precision, it carries its audience with the greatest of ease.'
Owen Dudley Edwards, The Scotsman

'The author has approached with great style a high and universal theme and has singularly triumphed.'
Benedict Kiely, The Irish Times

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August Books

The following is a selection of books published during the month of August and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not rule out the possibility of a future review.

Art, Photography, Film, Dance

A. D. COLEMAN **Light Readings** *Oxford* £8.50. Ten years of photography criticism, with illustrations.

NOEL GOODWIN **A Ballet for Scotland: the First Ten Years of the Scottish Ballet** *Canongate Publishing* £7.95 and £3.95. A fully illustrated account with a chronological list of productions.

MIRANDA HARVEY **Piranesi: The Imaginary Views** *Academy Editions* £3.95. Over 70 pages of reproductions of the *Carceri*, *Grotteschi*, etc, with an introduction and chronology.

PAUL HILL & THOMAS COOPER **Dialogue with Photography** *Thames & Hudson* £7.50. Transcriptions of interviews with 21 leading photographers.

RACHAEL LOW **Films of Comment and Persuasion of the 1930s** and **Documentary and Educational Films of the 1930s** *Allen & Unwin* £8.95 each. Two more volumes in the 'History of British Film 1929-1939' series, including stills and bibliographies.

JAMES MONACO **American Film Now** *Oxford* £9.50. 'The people, the power, the money, the movies', with useful reference lists of films, directors, actors, etc.

JAN MURRAY **Dance Now: A Closer Look at the Art of Movement** *Kestrel* £3.95; *Penguin* £1.50. A thoroughly illustrated survey of all kinds of amateur and professional dance today, with bibliography.

DOROTHY NORMAN **Alfred Stieglitz: An American Seer** *Gordon Fraser* £18. A chronicle of the last 20 years of Stieglitz's life by a close associate. Includes 80 reproductions of his photographs.

Autobiography and Biography

HARRY CREWS **A Childhood** *Secker* £4.95. 'The biography of a place' – early years in Bacon County, Georgia.

EMMA GOLDMAN **Red Emma Speaks** *Wildwood House* £3.95. Selected speeches and writings of the anarchist and feminist, edited by Alix Kates Shulman.

JOYCE GRENFELL **The Pleasant Places** *Macmillan* £6.95. This second volume of autobiography begins on Broadway in the mid-Fifties and ends in Australia in the mid-Seventies.

LILLIAN HELLMAN **Three** *Macmillan* £15. The complete texts of *An Unfinished Woman*, *Pentimento* and *Scoundrel Time* with new commentaries by the author and an introduction by Richard Poirier.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH **Autobiography of Values** *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich* £8.50. Published in the USA in 1976. The story of a life which included the kidnapping of his son, as well as his flying exploits, war service and work for wild life preservation.

FREDERIK POHL **The Way the Future Was** *Gollancz* £6.95. The history of his involvement with SF from the age of ten up to the present.

VIRGINIA WOOLF **Roger Fry** *Peregrine* £3.50. Virginia Woolf's only exercise in biography, first published by the Hogarth Press in 1940.

Fiction

H. PAUL JEFFERS **The Adventures of the Stalwart Companions** *Cassell* £4.95. 'Previously unpublished letters and papers concerning a singular collaboration between Theodore Roosevelt and Sherlock Holmes.'

GLADYS MITCHELL **The Mudflats of the Dead** *Michael Joseph* 4.95. Dame Beatrice Lestrange solves another mystery.

JOHN SAYLES **The Anarchists' Convention** *Deutsch* £5.50. A collection of his short stories.

BOB SHAW **Dagger of the Mind** *Gollancz* £4.95. An SF story starting from a volunteer's taking of a telepathic drug.

CECILIA STERNBERG **Masquerade** *Collins* £5.95. Set in the Thirties and Forties in Germany and Austria.

History

ARTHUR BRYANT **Pepys and the Revolution** *Collins* £5.50. This story of Pepys and the revolution of 1688 is taken from Arthur Bryant's study of Pepys, first published 40 years ago.

PAUL DUKES **October and the World: Perspectives on the Russian Revolution** *Macmillan* £10 and £4.95. The Russian revolution in the context of global history.

V. I. LENIN & LEON TROTSKY **Kronstadt** *Monad Press* (distributed by Pathfinder Press) £5.10 and £1.50. An account of the Kronstadt uprising of 1921 and its suppression, together with statements on the matter by Lenin and Trotsky.

TELFORD TAYLOR **Munich: The Price of Peace** *Hodder* £13.95. Professor Taylor describes in detail the Munich meeting of September 1938 and its ramifications.

Poetry and Literary Criticism

DANTE ALIGHIERI **The Divine Comedy** *Folio Society* £9.95. A new translation by Kenneth Mackenzie, with 111 engravings by John Flaxman.

GLEN CAVALIERO **A Reading of E. M. Forster** *Macmillan* £10. An introduction to Forster's life with critical studies of the novels and short stories.

STEPHEN DONADIO **Nietzsche, Henry James and the Artistic Will** *Oxford* £6.95. A fully annotated study of the work of the philosopher and the writer who had a common belief in the power of art.

PADRAIC FIACC **The Selected Padraic Fiacc** *Blackstaff* £2.75. A selection from three decades of poetry.

THOMAS HARDY **The Portable Thomas Hardy** *Penguin* £2.25. Includes poems, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, short stories and other prose pieces.

Politics and Current Affairs

BRIAN CROZIER **The Minimum State: Beyond Party Politics** *Hamish Hamilton* £8.95. The Director-General of the Institute for the Study of Conflict propounds the theory that better government means less government and government without party politics.

NORMAN GINSBURG **Class, Capital and Social Policy** *Macmillan* £10 and £4.95. The origins and function of social security and housing policy from the 19th century to the present.

ALENA HEITLINGER **Women and State Socialism: Sex Inequality in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia** *Macmillan* £12. The relationship of the women's movement to socialism, with a detailed examination of the roles of women in the two named countries.

BEVERLEY HOOPER **Inside Peking: A Personal Report** *Macdonald & Jane's* £6.95. The author lived among Chinese students for 16 months, during which time Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai died and the Gang of Four lost power.

JOHN C. LAWRENCE **Race, Propaganda and South Africa** *Gollancz* £6.95. A study of 'the manipulation of western opinion and policies by the forces of white supremacy'. The author formerly worked for the South African Department of Information.

LAWRENCE LIFSCHULTZ **Bangladesh: The Unfinished Revolution** *Zed Press* £3.50. The story of one leading military figure in Bangladesh's war of liberation of 1971, followed by an investigation (with Kai Bird of the *Nation*) into the overthrow of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman.

MICHAEL MARGOLIS **Viable Democracy** *Macmillan* £8.95. A discussion of the practical and theoretical reforms necessary for the survival of democracy.

Social Questions and Philosophy

TERRY CHRISTENSEN **Neighbourhood Survival** *Prism* £5.95. A detailed description of the confrontation between the Greater London Council planners and the Covent Garden community, with illustrations.

DICK HEBDIGE **Subculture: The Meaning of Style** *Methuen* £5.75 and £2.75. An examination of the genesis and operation of youth subcultures, from the Teds to the Punks and the Rastas.

FIONA McNULLY **Women for Hire: A Study of the Female Office Worker** *Macmillan* £10 and £4.95. A sociologist's study of women in offices – their roles, attitudes and potential for change.

STEPHEN MERRETT **State Housing in Britain** *Routledge* £12 and £6.95. A history of the growth of municipal housing (one in three households now lives in a council-owned property) and a review of present and future policy.

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN **Ludwig Wittgenstein and the Vienna Circle** *Blackwell* £9.95. Wittgenstein's views as expressed in conversation and recorded by Friedrich Waismann between 1929 and 1932.

Miscellaneous

MICHAEL BALFOUR **Stonehenge and Its Mysteries** *Macdonald & Jane's* £6.95. Over 200 photos, diagrams, maps and charts illustrate this look at the theories about Stonehenge, its construction and history.

ALEX COMFORT **I and That: The Biology of Religion** *Mitchell Beazley* £6.95. An examination of religious experience in short sections which range over biology, philosophy, anthropology, literature.

ROBERT EDGERTON **Mental Retardation** *Fontana/Open Books* £1.50. This new volume in the Developing Child series introduces ideas about the kinds and causes of retardation and the care of retarded children.

SIGMUND FREUD **On Psychopathology** *Penguin* £2.25. The 10th volume in the Pelican Freud Library, containing various of Freud's writings on neurosis and psychosis.

DOUGLAS HOFSTADTER **Gödel, Escher, Bach: The Eternal Golden Braid** *Harvester* £10.50. The author, a Professor of Computer Science, uses ideas drawn from logic, biology, psychology, physics, linguistics and Lewis Carroll, as well as a close look at the mathematician, the artist and the musician, to explore the nature of thought.

NICHOLAS LASH **Theology on Dover Beach** *Darton Longman & Todd* £3.95. Collected writings of the Professor of Divinity at Oxford on problems raised by the historical nature of Christian belief and the relationship between theology, faith and practice.

GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR **The Natural History of the Mind** *Secker* £6.95. A presentation of the current state of knowledge of, and research into, the mind and consciousness. Annotated, bibliography.

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Russell Davies

Letterati

The Macmillan Dictionary of Italian Literature edited by Peter Bondanella and Julia Conaway Bondanella *Macmillan* £22.50

After Dante came ages of decline. Petrarch was a great artist but lacked that 'serious and profound faith' that made Dante a poet, while Boccaccio, shunning the supernatural, created the 'earthly' comedy. The first signs of a new science that will eventually lead to moral and political rebirth are in Machiavelli's work, which counterbalances the formalistic tradition of the Renaissance by subordinating imagination to the fundamental need of experience and to the observation of reality, and in other thinkers and writers such as Bruno, Galileo, Campanella, Sarpi, and Vico. Consequently, the new literature, the literature of the re-awakening, begins with Goldoni's restoration of the guiding principles of truth and nature, and culminates in Manzoni, the man who was able to look at humanity from above, with the eye of the next world, and to infuse the ideal into the real.

This is a summary of a summary: De Sanctis's history of Italian literature (up to the mid 19th century) as rendered down by the new *Macmillan Dictionary* of the subject. The barest bones of a history, as you see, but magnificent bones. The great names of Italian literature are very great; all those mentioned above, give or take a couple (take, very probably, Campanella and Sarpi), would have occurred to most of us had we been seriously challenged to concoct a Great Tradition for the peninsula. Challenged to extend the list up to the present day, we might see our paths of glory diverging slightly (people find it hard to get D'Annunzio out of their heads – it must be the buzzing of that infernal aeroplane); but proceeding with ig-Nobel caution, we could, I think, safely admit Leopardi, Verga, Croce, Svevo and Pirandello to the pantheon, with a recommendation to the doorman to look out for Montale. This list, by the way, does not stand up badly against our own, in the latter years especially. Take away Britain's star imports – Henry James, Conrad, Eliot, Joyce – and you begin to realise that for all our 'strength in depth', our literary first team has rivals all over the world.

The Italians keep themselves very well informed about foreign literatures, being quick to enthuse and almost as quick to translate. Britain is still abominably sluggish. The *Oxford Companion to Spanish Literature* appeared only a year ago, and there is as yet no *Companion* to Italian – hence the arrival here of the present book, which comes to us from the United States. The contributors mostly came to the United States from Elsewhere: 'Emmanuel S. Hatzantonis is Professor of Italian at the University of Oregon . . . Tibor Wlassics is Professor . . . Olga Ragusa is . . . Wayne A. Rebhorn is . . . Douglas Radcliff-Umstead is . . .' The contrast is piquant between this bizarrely motley rollcall, evidence of a nation recruited, as it were, and the body of the book, with its great family of Italian names, changing little over seven centuries.

Yet the settledness of life in her ancient kingdoms has obstructed Italy's attempts at cultural single-mindedness. Certainly Italy is still among the more startlingly regionalised of literary nations. Even a modern author as radical and (when it suits him) outspoken as Sciascia, whose opinions on Italy's current politics are as eagerly sought as anyone's at a national level, is at the same time strongly felt to be a Sicilian, with his own Sicilian reasons for saying what he says; while in a literary sense, the traditions of his fellow islanders (Verga, Capuana, Pirandello, Vittorini and so on) sustain and, in a way, 'claim' him. The clamour for a 'national' literature which followed Unification in the last century has never come to anything. Thus even the reputation of Dante remains coloured, for some Italians, by the thought that he is 'a Tuscan'. (Among English readers it would be a sensitive regionalist indeed who felt uneasy with Shakespeare on the grounds that he is 'a Midlander'.)

Eventually, of course, the Fascist Academy uprose to enshrine, and dishonour, the aspiration towards literary nationhood. Even the veteran Pirandello was photographed in his natty black shirt – though you would not guess, from the biography issued here, that he had ever made such a mistake. Nor could the general reader discover under 'Fascism' – no entry under this heading – which of Italy's young writers took the parades and bullying home to their typewriters. (Genre headings, as opposed to biographical entries, are comparatively few, and confine themselves to literary modes: *verismo*, *decadentismo*, Futurism, *novella*, etc.) However, the rewards are there for the student who is prepared to cross-refer diligently. I would not like anyone to miss the career of Malaparte, which makes particularly uproarious reading when crammed into a single page. Born Kurt Erich Suckert, but wounded and decorated fighting for Italy in the Great War, Malaparte was for some time an embarrassingly nasty Fascist, but spent four years in jail during the Thirties when his tome on the technique of revolution went down the wrong way. He became a war reporter, notably from the Russian front, and after the collapse of Fascism served as a liaison officer with the Allies at Montecassino. Turning to film and drama (including a play 'based upon Marx's *Das Kapital*'), he sidled determinedly leftward, and became a favourite of Mao; but he returned from China dangerously ill, and died in Rome, though not before converting to Catholicism, naturally enough, on his deathbed. The number of men who have been 'on intimate terms with such diverse figures as Hitler, Mao, Mussolini, Goering and a number of antifascists from all over the world' must be quite small. The number of Italians suffering from a similar chronic faddism, however, remains high.

The *Dictionary* rounds off Malaparte unfortunately by calling him 'one of the most unique narrators of his generation' – a pawky little reminder that the professorial prose here is somewhat variable in elegance and rigour. In fact, the massed profs are at their most confident and readable among the Renaissance and Baroque, where intellectual life tends to be ordered by despots and dogma into a drama of survival. Wlassics on Campanella (Calabrian monk, poet, philosopher) is a magnificently all-American celebration of true grit:

Since the insane could not be executed, Campanella set fire to his cell and feigned madness. Put to the test during 36 hours of the hardest torture known to his ingenious age, he resisted (1601) . . . By connivance of the Spanish authorities and the Holy See, Campanella was forgotten in his dungeon and left four years in the underground cells of St. Elmo Prison, hands and feet in chains. Viceroys came and went; pontiffs were elected and buried. His hopes renewed at each change, Campanella addressed hundreds of supplications to popes, emperors, kings, cardinals, bishops, friends, and enemies, requesting freedom, transfer to Rome, money for food, the right to say Mass, the *imprimatur* for his works, and promising great revelations, miracles, and sure methods of converting the Jews, the Turks, and the Protestants. Often, the result of these entreaties was a search of his cell, the seizure of his means to write, and the destruction of his manuscripts . . . In 30 years of captivity, Campanella composed an incredible amount of work, which, in effect, aimed at a total overhaul of human knowledge.

Working at this level, the Dictionary is an invaluable aid to study (and spur to concentration). But the nearer it comes to modern

MILITANT ISLAM

G. H. Jansen

As the Levant correspondent of the Economist and an observer of Islam for over 25 years, Godfrey Jansen takes an informed and incisive look at the youngest of the world's great religions and its worldwide rise in power. He explains the nature of Islam, sets the effect of its militancy in perspective and assesses the future of Islam in the modern world. Clearly, Islam is a militant force we can no longer ignore.

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theory, the less satisfactory it appears. The choice of 19th-century figures is debatable (why exclude Zena, Camerana, Tarchetti, Rovani?); and several present-day authors arrive wrapped in that elegant close-weave flannel which results when critics detach the structuralist style from its method. Here is Antonio Illiano on Calvino;

> The treatment of the good-evil theme, for instance, while suggesting a parody of the Christian parable, may also call for an interpretation of the good-evil polarity in terms of involvement and ignorance. This contextual openness is sustained and enhanced by Calvino's dazzling style – a special manner of writing characterised by a smoothly winding syntax, articulate yet smugly sensitive to all rhythms of speech – and by a constant sense of irony which mirrors its own self-consciousness in a mood of literate detachment and playful complacency.

This, regrettably, is just how the Italian critics write in their own language (how many impenetrable sentences have I read that profess to admire style!). If this Dictionary runs into future editions, I hope it will do its best to save the Italians from their own jargon. It would be a pity if they escaped from the priests only to fall foul of the academics.

Valentine Cunningham

Graphic

Cinema and History: British Newsreels and the Spanish Civil War by ANTHONY ALDGATE
Scolar Press £12 and £5.95

After a doughy rehearsal of the historians' collected thoughts on the evidential value of movies, Anthony Aldgate's account lifts off when he begins to inspect the actual operations of the Newsreel companies in Britain between the wars. He reveals the submission-hold the Big Five – Gaumont, Pathé, Movietone, Paramount and Universal – had on distribution outlets, and so on the minds of the 18,000,000 or so ticket-holders who saw their stuff each week. He shows how the biggies could combine to muscle the new National News out of business in 1937, or to punish Wembley Stadium for not accepting their rate for showing the 1936 Cup Final (a crowd of airborne cameramen simply stole its pictures from planes and autogyros zooming about over the pitch). He exposes the cosily interlocked financial arrangements of the Companies, the links between the *Daily Mail* and Movietone, and the way Gaumont granted their man Ted Emmett enormous scope for his personal views.

And when Aldgate turns to his test-case, the reporting of the Spanish Civil War, the results not only fascinate, they are as angeringly awful as the Thirties Left alleged. A powerful clique, backed by right-wing cash, anxious not to excite a right-wing government's hostility by even mildly critical noises, was called on to report a political war by means of a medium whose potential for distorting actualities makes it a liar's pastoral. Not surprisingly, the Spanish Republic came off badly. Franco towered over camera and audience, heroic on his rostra. His men marched in step to stirringly dubbed-in martial airs, while far-from-spruce Government forces clambered over trucks and barricades. Republicans took pot-shots at statues of Christ (some of them, allegedly, just for the newshounds), while Nationalists held masses, baptised hordes of infants and worshipped Franco's holy family. And if actual images from Spain were unobtainable, suitable ones could be got from stock. The Blonde Amazon's second-hand revelations of Republican atrocities were narrated over concocted shots of burning churches, arrests and the like, all purporting to be the real thing. Prematurely, Madrid 'fell' in Gaumont cinemas in November 1936 with Franco shown splendidly ascending some steps in Burgos.

Newsreels were less than keen on the International Brigades. Their cameras refused to meet the first contingent returning to Victoria Station, while, naturally, the return of O'Duffy's Irish Fascist Brigade got instantly reported. And famously eager for horror stories though all the Newsreels were (Gaumont Graphic and the Empire Screen News had been dubbed the Gruesome Graphic and the Impure Screen News), they just happened to heed the lobby against showing horrific news when it was Nationalist violence they had in the can. The truth about fried nuns must out; dead Republican babies had better not be shown. This way Newsreel discretion covered multitudes of Francoist sins. How handy to combine commentaries deploring war in general with a lack of specificity about the *Italian* bombers being seen so terribly in action.

Sometimes, in this stirring and useful book, I wished Mr Aldgate were more of a literary critic. Those unneutral adjectives in allegedly neutral reports, for instance (Franco's always *'victorious* troops', *'lively* criticism' for merely noisy opposition from some Blackshirts), need exposing. As well, I kept wanting Aldgate to show he'd glanced beyond the film journals to the impact of Newsreel on the real literature of the period. The most quotable attack on Newsreel trivialisation, Cecil Day Lewis's poem 'Newsreel', isn't once referred to. And, reflective as it is about cinematically presented bombing planes, 'Newsreel' couldn't be apter to one of Aldgate's most important – but, alas, undeveloped – findings. That is, the proof he incidentally affords that it was Newsreel stories of Spanish aerial bombardment which finally killed off the period's perception of the airman as *the* modern hero. Before, Spain Newsreels gloated, as everyone did, over air exploits. The Newsreels were themselves part of the air adventure – Gaumont kept pilots and a plane on permanent standby at Heston aerodrome, as well as helping fill the air over Wembley.

But Newsreel stories of air-terror over Spanish towns toppled the flying heroic. Yeats's Irish Airman and Auden's 1932 Airman are tragic heroes; by November 1938 Movietone's Leslie Mitchell was talking freely about 'the bombing aeroplane' as 'this Frankenstein'. Auden's 1938 sonnets from China could only agree. In Britain it was only Mosley's papers and the providers of schoolboy air-idols like Biggles that went on believing pilots and planes to be unequivocally admirable. Though Aldgate frequently misses such literary and contextual points, he has delved assiduously in the film archives. And so he assists us all in reading our Thirties that degree more sharply than we could before.

BBC

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Jeremy Treglown

Zoo Quest

Bloomsbury: a House of Lions by LEON EDEL
Hogarth Press £8.50

Gordon Square has seen some changes since 1904, but can it ever have been quite as Virginia Woolf saw it – 'the most beautiful, the most exciting, the most romantic place in the world'? Leon Edel takes his title from another of her incommunicatively personal flights of fancy about no. 46: 'Gordon Square is like nothing so much as the lions house at the Zoo . . . All the animals are dangerous, rather suspicious of each other, and full of fascination and mystery.' D. H. Lawrence thought it more like an insect-house (he said the group were like beetles), but this doesn't get us any closer, except perhaps to Lytton Strachey, the daddy long-legs of them all.

In fact, they were almost as heterogeneous a collection as the one in Regent's Park: Keynes a lofty, well-kept giraffe, Clive Bell something of a gorilla, a fair number of shrill, jealous peafowl around too, and also some notable human beings, especially the painters Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell. They were the least anxious of the group, sexually, intellectually and artistically, and easily its most attractive members. When Lytton read to them from the sketches which became *Eminent Victorians,* Vanessa and Duncan nearly went to sleep.

Bloomsbury: a House of Lions is a work of synthesis more than of original research, but because Edel brings into his net Richard Shone's *Bloomsbury Portraits* (Phaidon, 1976), with its valuable and long-overdue concentration on the painters, the balance is new. Bloomsbury, we are reminded, was only belatedly a literary group: its first impact was in the visual arts. It was also intensely domestic – a point Vanessa Bell brings into focus. She began running households at the age of 15, when her mother died, and, like Virginia, she made her art out of her immediate surroundings. Portraits apart (and most of these are of family and friends), her best work on canvas is fondly domestic, even culinary: a pair of scales on a kitchen table; a

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refrigerator; a bedroom with a wardrobe; and, very characteristically, especially in her later paintings, rooms with open windows.

Indeed, however vigorously Bloomsbury rejected Victorian bourgeois properties, no artistic group has been so closely associated with the material surroundings of middle-class life. Its history is an address-list: 46 Gordon Square, 29 Fitzroy Square, 38 Brunswick Square, Charleston Farm, the Mill House at Tidmarsh. Its members wrote about and painted their homes and gardens, in their homes and gardens, which they had themselves decorated and planted. At Charleston (an appeal has recently been launched to preserve the house as it is) the boundaries between what is painted and what is 'practical', in the scenic-design term, are indeterminate. Vases of flowers painted by Duncan and Vanessa cover every door; real fruit in the kitchen is mirrored in a Roger Fry still life on the kitchen wall; curtains and furniture-coverings are in Omega fabrics; in the garden there are mosaics made of broken fragments of Omega pottery.

The effect might cloy if the designs themselves were not so cheerfully spontaneous-seeming. At their best the artists have a buoyancy of line and colour exhilarating in themselves, and particularly so as an antidote to Virginia Woolf's overwrought prose. This isn't a contrast Edel makes: he's a bit of a one for fine writing himself ('What was this carapace which Leonard Woolf carried for 70 years as if his nerves were sheathed in armour?' etc.) The main problem with his well-informed book, though, is not so much one of the style, which you can just about get used to (at least, you think you can until you read something like 'Behind Virginia's dream-like eyes, and in her wilted-flower look, there resided a tiger cat, with a quick verbal pounce'), as of the general approach.

Edel reminds us that he has previously written five volumes about one person (Henry James); now he has written one about nine. He intended it first as a series of essays, then as a more coherent psychological study of the group. In the end, it's not quite either. The straighter narrative chapters are all individually readable, however familiar most of their material may be; but they don't mix well with others whose approach is extravagantly speculative and psychological. A lot of play is made with names here: the vulpine-ness of the Woolfs, particularly, with their nervous tremors ('perhaps the Woolfs, possessing the name of so predatory a creature in the animal kingdom, had to control and subdue, and the trembling was as of a man lifting a weight, staggering under a heavy burden'). And of course there's potty-training and kindred topics. Poor Lytton Strachey was brought up in a house in which 'there was only one – very audible – bathroom for parents and children'. Ah, so *that's* why he, er . . .! we are presumably meant to exclaim. But then, when little Lytton was squeezing out his business as quietly as he could in his acoustically near-perfect home, a fair percentage of the population were doing the same in an outdoor shed with half the street queuing outside. And even today, degrading bathroom arrangements like those *chez* Strachey must be common to – what? – 90 per cent of houses in Britain. So mayn't the fact that he, er . . . and so on be to do with something else, like genes for example? Unless of course we're most of us a little bit like Lytton, but don't realise it.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

The Venice Film Festival

STREETS FULL OF WATER. ADVISE. Wasn't it the wonderfully wary Robert Benchley who despatched such a cable to his Algonquin chums on a first stunned visit to Venice? Apocryphal or not, the story holds, um, water. It must be one of the strangest cities in the world and coming back again after seven years, whizzing about in boats, proved as fresh and exhilarating as if one had never been or seen: decay in the nostrils, brilliant sun in the eyes, one wondered what one was in for. The last time I saw Venice – and, specifically, the Lido – was on the occasion of the 33rd Mostra, in 1972, when the then director Gian Luigi Rondi, against horrible odds, put out a packed programme. Subsequently, heads fell: the Italians have politics the way we have weather. The loss of the Mostra was sad and sorely felt by *festivaliers*, both film-makers and critics – by general consensus, Venice had been the best down the years, beating Cannes for seriousness if not for top-less starlets. So its revival, however last-minute and tentative, under Carlo Lizzani – himself a director, critic, author, a relative youngster in the heady old days of neo-realism – was plain good news. And there was an endearing deprecatory note about his opening press conference, during which the usual local journalists made speeches under the guise of questions. (This is an unvarying feature of film festivals: the sustained, peacocking query from the auditorium, followed by a 'yes' or 'no' from the platform, and is why such conferences are avoided by old hands.) Even more endearing and, in its quiet fashion, daring was that the principal retrospective was devoted to Marcel Pagnol, a slyish and genial intimation that there are more kinds of cinema than currently meet the bemused eye.

That organ got its fill with the most hotly awaited film, Bertolucci's *La Luna*, ravishingly photographed by Vittorio Storaro. Sustenance for the mind is something else. Jill Clayburgh plays an opera singer with a difficult son, early fixated on the moon of the title. She herself is a pretty difficult mother, having told the lad a lie about his real father and later showing inclinations going beyond motherly love. When the son, on heroin and lacking a needle, tries to fix with a fork, there is a consoling passage on a sofa with mama that seems X-cessive. Other oddities include a crafty revisit to Parma and the farm out of *1900*, 'where we used to buy bread'; the true father, when rediscovered, having a thing about *his* mama (marvellous Alida Valli); and a moment when Renato Salvatori, in a tiny role, pulls a photo of Castro from the glove compartment of his car, announcing, 'I am a Communist'. A hell of a lot of Bertolucci's intimate preoccupations are evidently in ferment here. One sometimes wonders about a film artist's commonsense in working out problems in public, while recognising both the handiness and maybe honesty of it all. Bertolucci himself referred to his movie as a 'honey drama' (this cuts back to an initial episode but also ties to *lune de miel* or honeymoon) and justified jeers about the Salvatori crassness by saying something like, Life's like that, laughter and tears. The film will be coming to London early next year and a more seemly review of it must wait till then. This has not done it justice, even if it has whetted an appetite or two.

My favourite Italian directors are often the Taviani brothers. Their *Il Prato* (The Meadow) was all the more a disappointment, after – for instance – *Padre Padrone*. It's a triangular tale, using a quantity of voice over, reading from a letter and so on, as if to add a dimension of pathos already thoroughly present in the narrative itself. A young lawyer, visiting San Gemignano in Tuscany (landscape figures significantly in Italian cinema, as well it might), falls in love with wilful Eugenia (the ravishing Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Roberto and Ingrid Bergman and looking remarkably like her mother doing a Falconetti), who runs an off-beat theatre group for kids, performing the Pied Piper on stilts and given to utterances like, 'What's important is not being missionaries but announcing our presence'. She has a previous and continuing lover, one Enzo, intent on establishing a local farming commune. The lawyer (eventually to die of rabies), Eugenia and Enzo strike up a faintly *Jules et Jim* relationship. Typical Taviani obsessions – their own brand of Utopian Marxism, for one – fairly hum throughout; there are extraordinary, striking *coups de cinéma*, notably the fall of an emblematic oak tree; arty use is made of clips from Rossellini's *Germania, Anno Zero*. Bertolucci's composer, Ennio Morricone, must have a bicycle – he wrote the music for this one, too.

So much for my hosts. It would be nice to move on to the big British success, but our only 'entry', in a non-competitive festival, was Tony Palmer's *The Space Movie*, shown at midnight on day one, and Julian Barnes dealt with that quite comfortably, thank you (NS, 27 July): we stick together round here. Come to think of it, nothing from Germany materialised, either. America rallied to the flag, or flagging, in recompense. Don Siegel's *Escape from Alcatraz* starred Clint like flint, Eastwood at his most clenched-jawed: some day I think he'll do himself a *damage*. I worry about that boy. Here he glares and biffs a passage through what may be a prison drama based on fact. If so, that would help to account for its long stretches of tedium, particularly in the crucial business of Frank Morris (Mr Eastwood) and some pals wriggling free through ventilation shafts. The best comes in some ferocious verisimilitude, new-style, about threatened sodomy and such: the worst lies in a terrible, pervasive chicness, almost elegance, of image. It reinforces my conviction that Bresson's *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé* is the finest, grimiest thing he ever did. Much more fun was to be found in a quaint, screw-

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ball, shouting affair, mainly conducted in Spanish, *El Super*, directed by Leon Ichaso and Orlando Jimenez-Leal and with a standout central performance from Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato as the exiled Cuban superintendent of a New York tenement. Garbage-collector and boiler-nurse, with a chattering wife and delinquent daughter, he holds out against learning English, plays a weekly game of dominoes with a Puerto Rican friend, and finally throws a farewell party at the news of his mother's death back home. There is a last confrontation with the devil boiler in the basement. The life here is in the exquisite observation of coarse detail: and Hidalgo-Gato would have got my Actor's Prize, had there been one. He has a doleful, stealing face, all too human.

Menahem Golan is surely one of the more forgettable directors around and his version of Isaac Bashevis Singer's *Magician of Lublin* gets most of the emphases in a crowded, over-rich fable consistently wrong, not least in casting Alan Arkin as Yasha, the Jewish Houdini in turn-of-the-century Poland. Yasha, a road magician and ladies' man, dreams of flying; achieves a booking at the Alhambra; flops; steals; settles in a small cell in Lublin for three years. Only the birds fly high when the self-prepared tomb is broken open. Shelley Winters is a Jewish momma again; the gorgeous Valerie Perrine is gorgeous; Arkin is at once indwelling and showy, always at the inappropriate moment. From the USSR, specifically Georgia, proceeded another flashy movie, burdened with incident, Liana Eliava's *Cinema*, again period in time if not in flavour. Sosiko (Murman Dzinorija, a blend of the young Keaton and Jean-Pierre Léaud, to extend a point in favour of international goodwill and further to imply one, that somebody involved in this project had seen Keaton in action) comes back from Paris with a Lumière camera and wild ambitions. Disaster follows, after a longish break for charm, and there is a neat closing irony. The notion was sound, at least. As (I recall) is the movie, when it might have been cunninger silent.

From Senegal / Mali / Tunisia / France emerged Med Hondo's *West Indies Story*, a Brechtian song-and-dance bird of many feathers, which was its director's intention but turned out a thought naive and distracting. A wily black politico, Justin, links tableaux vivants: worth another look. From Costa-Gavras, *Clair de Femme*, a monumentally trivial picturisation of a presumably equivalent Romain Gary novel, casting Yves Montand for the umpteenth time as the weary cosmopolitan he probably is. His car knocks over Romy Schneider's shopping and his travel plans thereafter go awry. Not so much Lelouch as downright *louche*: a glassy glossy.

Last memories. Jancsó's 20-minute masterpiece on two old Jewish survivors, still celebrating their religion, in a small Hungarian village: *Jelenlet*. Sally Cruikshank's delightfully zany couple of shorts about 'Quasi' in a US 'New Age Animation' programme. Mosquitoes, mosquitoes. Jovial Felliniesque John Francis Lane down on a visit from Rome. Shirley Clarke, talking heatedly, wittily, from under her peaked sailor's cap: will now only film on video? Mosquitoes. The coolness of viewing from the popular outdoor Arena, rather than in crushed rooms, or even the formal Sala Grande. The ultimate success of the whole event and the conviction it must and will come back as before.

Art

John Spurling

Crystal Clear

The Golden Age of Venetian Glass *British Museum*
The Horses of San Marco *Royal Academy*
Venetian 17th-Century Painting *National Gallery*

It seems to be pure chance that the new season in London opens with a triple Venetian flourish. *The Horses of San Marco* is an augmented version of an exhibition principally based on loans from Naples and Rome and financed by Olivetti which was seen in Italy last year. *Venetian 17th-Century Painting* is drawn entirely from public and private collections in Britain and Ireland. *The Golden Age of Venetian Glass* is a BM special, another revelation of its fathomless hoard of treasures. Each show is accompanied by a fat, glossy catalogue, packed with scholarship, and if Hugh Tait's for the BM is the most digestible it is no doubt because he is scarcely concerned with attributions.

Although we know the names of certain master glass-makers – including two women – not a single Renaissance glass can be attributed to a particular artist. The main problem for scholars, then, is to distinguish genuine Venetian glass from its imitations north of the Alps. Since these were made in glass-houses set up by genuine Venetian glass-makers who had been lured abroad, and since experts even at the time could hardly tell the difference, the ordinary visitor can safely ignore the whole question.

The exhibition is laid out historically, beginning with some fairly chunky mediaeval pieces and ending with 18th-century imitations of porcelain. But most of what is on show comes from the late 15th to 17th centuries and is divided into decorative types, each more amazing than the last. From enamelling and gilding on both plain and coloured glass, which continued to be popular in Bohemia long after it had gone out of fashion in Venice, the Venetians progressed first to *cristallo* – or glass so colourless and clear that it looks like rock crystal – then to the various forms of *vetro a filigrana* – spirals and elaborate criss-cross patterns of white thread embedded in the glass, culminating in coloured serpents twisting up inside the stems – then to 'ice-glass', *millefiore* and imitations of all kinds of precious and semi-precious stones. Although all these objects are ostensibly useful – goblets, beakers, jugs, dishes – they are really fantasies, the stuff of dreams or some Arabian Nights' banquet conjured from thin air by a genie. No wonder that the King of Denmark, presented by the Doge in 1709 with a whole collection of glass-ware, put it in a fairytale room of its own, where it remains to this day.

The Venetian glass-making industry collasped in 1797, when Napoleon conquered the city, and was not revived until the mid-19th century. The basis of what became the BM's collection was laid in the interval, by a lawyer and private collector called Felix Slade – just in time, since the revived industry proceeded to cause a new problem for scholars by imitating Renaissance glass with as much skill as its predecessor had imitated crystal, porcelain and precious stones.

Napoleon not only put his foot through the glass, he also lifted the four bronze horses of San Marco and set them up outside the Tuileries. Since the Venetians had themselves lifted them from the conquered city of Constantinople in 1204, during the Fourth Crusade, and displayed them above the entrance to St Mark's for the same purpose as the French – to call attention to their own power and glory – it would seem a fair theft. But people had it in for the French; after Napoleon's defeat the Emperor of Austria, with the help of the Duke of Wellington and the sculptor Canova, saw to it that the horses went back to Venice. The question that exercises scholars here and provides much of the *raison d'être* for this exhibition, is where the Byzantines lifted them from in the first place. No doubt they once drew a chariot, but were they Greek or Roman? Their date having previously been narrowed down to somewhere between the 4th centuries BC and AD, the exhibition shows examples of other Greek and Roman horses for comparison; but the latest research by two BM scientists puts them between 200 and 400 AD. The whole affair and especially the mighty catalogue, with its array of detailed but inconclusive essays, all translated into internationalese, makes a poor advertisement for expert opinion.

However, Horse 'B' itself, the second from the left as you face St Mark's, has come to London and justifies, if not the rather scrappy exhibition built around it, certainly its own presence. Made of almost pure copper, gilded, and scored all over with a Jackson Pollock of black lines – put there possibly by the sculptor himself to tone down the brilliance of the gilding – it is a stalwart but peaceful creature, with a tiny, Greek mane, a neatly groomed tail and one foreleg elegantly raised. Strange that it should have come to symbolise *la gloire*; it has more the air of a dignified circus animal, superior to the tricks it is made to perform, but patient and obliging. It must surely have been sculpted for one of the less ferocious Roman emperors.

Venetian 17th-century painting is a rich hunting-ground for scholars. Little-known fauna abound and the keen naturalist can, in the flash of an eye, re-identify a Schedone as a Fotti, a Gentileschi as a Renieri, a Maffei as a Mazzoni. Little can be heard in the dusty thickets of the National Gallery's catalogue beyond the soft thud of dropped attributions. But although at first one is chiefly grateful for the surviving influences of Titian or Veronese in the earliest paintings and the shadow of Tiepolo to come in the latest, the period is much better worth an exhibition than some critics have suggested. Bernado Strozzi, Renieri, Liss, della Vecchia and Mazzoni may not be great painters, but they are splendid visual dramatists. Look at Strozzi's recently discovered *Baptism*, hung beside his *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*: any film or theatre director who could make a life of Christ with scenes of half such narrative energy and physical immediacy would make his fortune.

Look at Mazzoni's *Caprice on a Classical Theme*, an extraordinary rear view of three bulky, demoniacal women and an armoured man rushing away over a floor tiled in

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diamond shapes and seen in perspectival distortion towards a great stone archway framing the sky. It is the kind of moment for which one remembers a production all one's life.

Sport

Russell Davies

Valedictory

The end of my term brings the inevitable prize-giving ceremony. If Botham Maximus will simmer down and stop flicking ball-bearings at Mr Blofeld, we will get on. It has been a lively term, characterised by high endeavour, for which Joel Garner receives a special prize. Our performance in public examinations at home and abroad perhaps falls short of what in the great days of the school we should have expected; but we have kept our chins up (special prize to Geoffrey Capes for keeping up more chins than anyone else) and our bats tolerably straight (prize withheld this year) and have not, like some horrid Romanian boys one could mention, suffered the school shorts to be lowered.

Among senior pupils who have left to make their mark upon a wider world, I should particularly like to mention Colin Bell (Science Sixth) and Malcolm Macdonald (former Head Boy), both 'Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls', as Shakespeare has it. We also say goodbye to Basil D'Oliveira, who after his thirtieth year in the sixth form is calling it a day. As you know, we are happy to provide facilities for pupils for as long as they feel willing, and prove able, to pay their way. But in Basil's case there was a danger that on leaving school he would be too near retirement age even to return as a master, and so we regretfully part. 'I am too old, and the seas are too long, for me to double the Cape of Good Hope', as Francis Bacon so aptly puts it.

And so to this year's official prizes, to be distributed by the Retiring Exhibitionist, Rodney Marsh. The Eddie Waring Greek Recitation Prize goes to Geoffrey Boycott, for his soliloquy on 'Playing Under Disloyalty'. In the opinion of the judges, this entry was the most thoroughly satisfactory to have been submitted since the famous Plaints of Gordon Pirie. Obscurity, plangency and a kind of verbal toothache were combined in 'the bitter groan of the martyr's woe', as William Blake expresses it. The Dramatic Society Prize goes to Harold Bird, who, though technically a member of staff, has taken part in school productions with such unflagging juvenile zest that we like to think of him as one of the boys. School life would be very much the poorer without the antics of the Umpires' Club.

> This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
> It was a heavenly sight!
> They stood as signals to the land,
> Each one a lovely light.

As Samuel Taylor Coleridge was inspired to render it.

The Florence Foster-Jenkins Music Medal is taken again this year by Michael Brearley, for his humming at the crease. Improved monitoring techniques, for which Matron's new Japanese zoom-microphone is primarily to be thanked, made it 'all the easier to give it to him', in the words of one judge.

> Under the shadow of her fair vast head,
> The deep division of prodigious breasts . . .

as Swinburne was disposed to articulate it. (I refer, of course, to Matron.) The Old Staggerians' Masonic Lodge Fund-Raising Award is conferred upon Malcolm Allison, although the judges on this occasion have exercised their right to withhold the cash prize. Instead, Allison, who has an unenviable history of expulsions, will receive a framed pokerwork tablet inscribed with the words of the prophet Isaiah, 'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?' The Netball Prize is taken by John Lloyd.

In the Lower School, the English-Speaking Peoples' Initiative Diploma is accorded this year to Tracy Austin, though it is only fair to say that the Awards Committee could not quite achieve the desired unanimity. 'Wretched un-idea'd girls,' one of them was heard to exclaim, echoing the good Dr Johnson; but the majority came down in favour of the opinion so memorably voiced by (appropriately enough) Tennyson:

> Her court was pure; her life serene;
> God gave her peace; her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife and Queen.

Perhaps one might make so bold as to remind our future sovereign liege the Prince of Wales that there is still time for him and Miss Austin to put a serious, yet joyous construction upon these lines. A Lower School Brass Neck for Deportment is awarded to John McEnroe (Remove). Philippe Edmonds is accorded the Upper School Consolation Prize. Unfortunately, on this term's record Shakespeare was right: 'His flight was madness'.

And so we come to the end of term. We give our thanks to the caterers, Ovett & Coe, for speeding us on our way, and of course to Matron. 'Under the shadow of her fair vast head . . .' – but then I think I may have mentioned that. Dear me, yes, I see that I have. Never mind:

> That's the wise thrush; he sings each
> song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never
> could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!

Browning. Ahem. Now in the great vacation that is before us – I am pleased to say that Mr J. Stewart, by the way, who is a member of staff, will not after all be rejoining the sixth form *in statu pupillari* – a party of boys will be visiting Australia wearing the colours of the school. They know what to expect: Tennyson's 'land of sand and thorns', inhabited by a people whom Dryden would have characterised, had he had the misfortune to stumble into the arms of Qantas, as

> a headstrong, moody, murmuring race
> As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace,
> God's pampered people, whom, debauched
> with ease,
> No king could govern nor no God could please.

But having considered the Lillees of the field (they do not spin, you know), I am confident our men will know which way their duty lies. And if I were they, I would 'not cowardly put off my helmet', as the Bard's phrase is.

Very well then, boys.

> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile!
> If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Which reminds me, Larkins, get your hair cut. Now all rise, and we shall sing the school hymn, 'Ain't It Grand To Be Blooming Well Dead'.

Films – 2

Christopher Hitchens

War Games

The Spiral *ICA*
Hanover Street (A) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue*

'Reformist politicians are two-faced, which means they can be slapped on both.' A slightly livelier line than one is accustomed to hearing in the voice-over of documentary from the hard Left. *The Spiral* is a long (145 minutes) and extremely intricate account of the events which led, six years ago this week, to the imposition of a Fascist despotism in Chile. You think you have heard it all before? Let me assure you that you have not. The reason why Chile endures as an 'issue', so long after the event, is that it was an almost perfect test case of class conflict being resolved by the Right. Other films have grappled with these themes, but *The Spiral* is the most subtle and honest attempt so far.

It represents the work of a team of directors, effectively convened by Chris Marker and Armand Mattelart. Susan Sontag wrote the English version of the script, and Donald Sutherland narrates in a laconic and telling fashion which ought to be emulated by didactic film-makers everywhere. Material of great density and intricacy is handled with a light touch, but almost always with precision and an eye to the undecided viewer.

The main strength of the film is its dissection of the mistakes and missed opportunities of the Left. In 1965, a 'war game' called 'Politica' was devised by the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It postulated a country with a key copper industry, and strong working-class

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forces offset by a middle class, foreign investors, a financial oligarchy and a large army. The game was to illustrate how social conflict could be made to climax in a secure military coup.

Using this as a metaphor, but not as a conspiracy theory, the film shows Allende's accession to power, and his speech in the National Stadium where he said that 'they will have to riddle me with bullets to stop me fulfilling the programme of the people'. In three years he was riddled with bullets, and the National Stadium had been converted into an internment camp. In the meantime, the Left had allowed itself to become isolated, and had failed to prevent the conscription of the middle class and many of the students by the extreme Right. *The Spiral* depicts the unfolding of this drama, and the cleverness with which outside forces were brought into play, slowly exposing the throat of the Allende coalition until the final shattering chop could be delivered. The film resists the temptation to linger on this last scene of carnage, merely pointing out drily that the middle class got nothing in return for prostituting itself.

It is said that at one point in the crisis, where a local election had not gone well for the Communists, their paper headlined the result 'Reactionaries 55 per cent; People 40 per cent'. Susan Sontag occasionally lapses into this solecism, using the term 'people' to describe her own side while quite rightly pointing out that the middle ground was slipping away. Even Sutherland cannot make this locution sound convincing. But the narration generally keeps its head, and I found myself thinking about knotty elements in the 'game' of conflict for some days afterwards. Political film is very hard to review without partisanship, and having seen Chile myself since the generals got hold of it I could easily have sat through an angrier and less sinuous movie. But I'm sure the makers were right to do it this way, and I hope very much that their patience will be rewarded with large and curious crowds.

What I have in mind for the makers of *Hanover Street* is something quite different. This cretinous film should be silently but firmly boycotted by the entire nation as part of the fortieth annual commemoration of the start of the second world war. I can only suspect that Paul N. Lazarus III and Peter Hyams, who between them produced, 'wrote' and directed the thing, hoped to cash in on the current nostalgia.

Harrison Ford, who you may remember as the plastic and celluloid pilot in *Star Wars*, is here got up as a plastic and celluloid USAF pilot stationed in England in 1943. He meets an English nurse, fetchingly enough played by Lesley-Ann Down, and falls for her like anything. She's already married to a British intelligence officer. No trouble *at all* is taken to contrive the coincidence whereby the two men are thrown together in the hell of war and discover that a woman is only a woman but a chap's a chap for all that. There are ghastly scenes of airborne jauntiness, with witless nose-gunners joshing each other on the intercom about the dangers of war. This is presumably intended to evoke Catch-22, but it fails embarrassingly. To match this cornball Americana, there are scenes of pipe-sucking jauntiness in Whitehall, and a brief cameo of Cockney bullshit from Max Wall. Sample dialogue between the tormented couple 'I think I love you.' 'It's all happening too fast.' On your behalf I accepted a case of Southern Comfort miniatures – a pathetic attempt by Columbia Pictures to recall the American airman and to sweeten the press. I really ought to send it back.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Drip, Drip

The Gorky Brigade by NICHOLAS WRIGHT *Royal Court*
The Government Inspector by GOGOL *Old Vic*
Once in a Lifetime by KAUFMANN and HART *Aldwych*

Sneaking back into the critical corner lately vacated by Mr and Mrs John Arden, I feel bound to apologise in advance for any toe-in-the-water adjectives or hedged, hangdog opinions. I mean, it isn't easy to follow a pair of tag-wrestlers who have hurled the referee out of the ring, stomped on the master-of-ceremonies' balding pate, and finally attempted to burn down the stadium in which I have spent some ten years earning my bread. Their case against our theatre is a forceful, eloquent one, and may be summed up roughly as follows. Most publicly-subsidised companies are gigantic conspiracies, in the business of impressing tourists with displays of token dissent, lulling the natives into believing they live in a free country, and thereby allowing a reactionary government and its military henchmen to wage war on their various victims with ever greater efficiency. Playwrights capable of inspiring people with revolutionary zeal and inciting them to 'riot' – a word invoked with a roll of the tongue and a smack of the palate by both Arden and Margaretta D'Arcy – are rendered impotent by a multiplicity of nefarious ruses, which include being smothered by elaborate stage-effects, metabolised by unscrupulous directors, and tidied into hideaways frequented only by middle-class aesthetes. All around, the wrong plays are being presented by the wrong people to the wrong audiences in the wrong theatres.

It is a grim indictment, raising questions that will be wincingly familiar to those anxious for their minority art to have a majority effect and constantly frustrated in their best efforts to bring this about. Yet why, I wonder, do the Bonds, Brentons, Hares and Griffiths's, playwrights of no less principle and conviction than the Ardens, still feel able to write for our subsidised gehennae? Perhaps they have reconciled themselves to a political schedule a little less hectic, a social timetable a bit less romantically conceived, than John and Margaretta; and perhaps they are right to have done so. A *Justice* may (and did) stop the iniquitous practice of putting felons into solitary confinement at the start of their sentences; a *Cathy Come Home* may (and did) help the homeless; but those who expect drama, and especially stage drama, to bring about instantaneous and substantial change more than very, very occasionally should be redirected to some other armoury altogether. The effect of the theatre is mostly drip, drip, drip, not bang, bang, bang. Its acids seep slowly, insidiously altering minds which alter minds which alter minds, until society itself is suddenly, surprisingly different. One, two, 20 plays are not going to stop the two-way horrors of Ulster; but one, two, 20, 100, 1,000 plays have helped make us, or very many of us, less tolerant of inequality, injustice, oppression, torture, murder. If Euripides, Shakespeare, Ibsen, O'Casey, Behan, the Bill Morrison of *Flying Blind*, the Stewart Parker of *Spokesong*, and the Portable Theatre of *England's Ireland* had never existed, wouldn't General Creasey find it just a little easier to 'untie the army's hands' in the manner awesomely outlined by Mary Holland in last week's NS?

There is, of course a place for documentary revelation in the theatre. There may even be a place for the kind of ra-ra celebration in which hieratic performers 'raise the consciousness' of consenting audiences; but it is surely not a very elevated or admirable one. I can't think that the hymns of gay rage Ms D'Arcy heard in Kennington –

> Don't sit there all prim and quiet,
> Come out on the streets with us and riot! –

vastly enlarged the minds and hearts of those present; and I can't see why Howard Brenton, whose *Sore Throats* she vilifies, should be obliged to foist obviously unsympathetic speeches on his wife-beating cop, just to make doubly sure that none of us fail to be shocked by him. After all, a man who openly condemns his own moral character is like the burglar who trots about in a mask with a bag marked 'swag', a concoction of the cartoonist, not of life. My own preference, rightly or wrongly, is for drama that questions, counter-questions, shares doubts, recognises contradictions, explores ambiguities, provokes, annoys, opens and expands the mind rather than snapping it shut like some ideological turnkey: in short, for the kind of drama which John Arden himself gave us in *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance, Armstrong's Last Goodnight* and *Live Like Pigs*, and which now, in the angry afternoon of his life, he seems to have renounced.

His one-time voice is an insupportable loss, and I make no excuses for lamenting its disappearance rather than going about my weekly business. There, Russkies predominate. Gorki appears in *Brigade* and turns out (unfairly, surely) to be a decrepit sucker and Stalin-worshipper, glibly lauding the youth-colony that has been improbably magicked out of a gaggle of tearaways and has then ossified into a kind of bureaucratic Baden-Powellism. Basically, this is yet another contribution, intelligent but dullish, to our burgeoning theatre of disenchantment, of dashed socialist hopes. Meanwhile, Gogol is decently enough resurrected at the Old Vic, though the interpolations of the director, Toby Robertson, don't quite justify themselves. That the play is largely about fantasy – a mayor and mayoress daydreaming of metropolitan glamour, a wastrel mistaken for an even nobbier nob than he pretends to be – is surely evident enough without any visual or musical italics. However, Hugh Sullivan, Trevor Martin, Ralph Michael and Robert Putt make a marvellously seedy conclave of hick-town potentates; and Ian Richardson's canny combination of insecurity and preciosity leaves the Danny Kaye version of the 'inspec-

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tor general' looking even more fey and gormless than I recall it.

No need to emphasise the fun-quotient of the fantasies on show at the Aldwych, since they have already reduced even the drier sticks among my colleagues to girlish cachinnation. *Once in a Lifetime* is New York's breezy travesty of a Hollywood in transit between silence and speech. Ulcerous magnates closet themselves behind the rococo facades of neo-Medici courts, leaving petitioners to wither away from old age in the anteroom. If they step outside, bellhops instantly leap into song-and-dance routines in hopes of breaking on to the big screen. And from all over America come the opportunists, the no-hopers – here represented by Zoe Wanamaker, with her foxy eyes and nose, and Richard Griffiths, a sort of human waterbed, all flabby mind, soggy heart and rolling belly. The joke is that this amiable bumbler and blunderer rises by happy accident to be the kind of mogul Californian cults are formed to worship. In Hollywood's crazy arithmetic, the more incompetent you are, the more successful you will become. There could be some truth in the libel still.

Television

Julian Barnes

Damp

'It is quite fashionable to be in love with the Prince of Wales.' Not Judith Chalmers surveying some toppered scene at Ascot, but Lady Effingham in the new BBC-1 costumerama *Prince Regent*. No doubt, though, the occasional inter-Walian resonance won't do the overseas sales of this series any harm. Royal randiness is enough by itself to fuel a soapie, but that isn't the only connection: there's the real live issue, for instance, of the heir to the throne marrying a Catholic. I imagine it caused a frisson round certain Old Catholic areas when Peter Egan as George Frederick Augustus (living up to his reputation as a trail-blazer in the arts by employing a verbal usage which didn't come in until the middle of the next century) exclaimed, 'Lake – mobilise the clergy'. Did the hearts of eligible bits of papist posh beat just that little bit harder when they realised that it had, after all, been done once before? Did the search for hedge-priests then begin around the shires?

Mostly, however, *Prince Regent* consists of a lot of prancing about on the parquetry, to Handelian music by Carl Davis, in costumes which are currently on display at Longleat. Half-way through I was reminded of John Hurt's relieved observation when he arrived on the set of *Alien*: that the hardware and special effects were so good that it was a pointless waste of energy and resources trying to act his way against them. Good actors must feel somewhat the same about appearing in luxurious serails (that started as mistyping – but let it go) like *Prince Regent*. They just have to stand there, ponce and preen a bit, and let their costumes do the walking. In a sense, there's nothing *wrong* with this series, because there's so little there that there's not much to go wrong; but the idea that anyone out in the world might be using it as even the most basic history textbook is a bit depressing. For a start, they might come to believe that George III spoke with an English accent.

It rained a lot during the first episode of this week's other new serial, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* (BBC-2); wet cobblestones gleamed – as Paul Theroux once put it – like glazed loaf-tops. Later, snow fell. Doors creaked; questions weren't answered; there was a veritable palisade of verbal fencing. Over it all brooded Sir Alec Guinness as Smiley, an exceptionally polite gent whose face can't help giving away the fact that the brie you offered him is well past the turn. What happened? Well – 'We have a mole, Jim . . . a maggot'; Jim gets his (or partly his) in Czechoslovakia; several high-ups are retired. Everyone looks as if they could be either totally straight or totally crooked: I suppose it's called the Philby Phactor. Six episodes to go, and no complaints so far (apart from a boring night-time chase through the Czech forest); but that little doubt about the new mode of spy fiction stirred as it always does: if the treacherous are distinguished from the loyal merely by their treachery (and that discovered only at the end – or maybe never), then who the hell is there to care about? And can you care just about plot?

On *The World About Us* (BBC-2) Gavin Maxwell (alias Nicholas Jones), the famous wild-life man, killed various pigeons and rabbits, and went after a stag with a rifle; this was in between stroking his assorted otters. His level of dealing with humans didn't seem much more finely graded either; indeed, he came across as a solidly unlovable and self-indulgent man. You'd have to be inventively perverse to feel much sympathy for someone being forced to sell a couple of islands when the extravagances that led to such a measure included feeding his otters on eels sent up from Manzi's. Nor was I much convinced by the oracular style of his literary output. He described his life as 'an unwilling return to an unwanted womb' (or was it 'unwanting'? – and if so, why?). This column's bravery award, though (and maybe its NVLA award as well), to Mr Jones for allowing an otter to rest its front feet on his lower lip and then French-kiss him.

Best TV news of the week, of course, was the continuance of the ITV strike and the consequent blacking-out of Sir James Goldsmith's advertising campaign for his new rag: doubtless various people involved in the strike may be suspected of voting Labour, and doubtless Sir James has their names down already in his little black book. Instead the award for the most nauseatingly complacent ad of the week goes – for a change – to BBC-1 for its *Mastermind* trailer: Magnus Magnusson feigning to grill Bill Wright, producer of *Mm*, about when the series started, who was going to be on it, and what their special subjects were. Perhaps one might endeavour to spot a minor telly trend and suggest that in the past few ITV-less weeks the Beeb has become more self-congratulatory. On *Face the Music* (BBC-2), for instance, Joseph Cooper mentioned an unfavourable *Times* review of a concert he had once taken part in, adding, 'Since, it has ceased publication'; the lapdog audience obliged with a studio-wrecking tornado of laughter, and Cooper chortled, 'That will be cut, don't worry'. Not only wasn't it cut; they didn't cut 'That will be cut' either.

Music

Andrew Clements

New Life

Nash Ensemble *Roundhouse/Radio 3*

It's as unusual to hear one contemporary British composer listing Bruckner, Brahms and Strauss as seminal influences as it is to find another evoking Sibelius when discussing his new work. Both born in 1936, Nicholas Maw and Anthony Payne belong firmly to the top flight of the young-middle generations of British composers; neither could be described as a radical. There, however, resemblances end. Maw's talents have long been respected and the recognition of his stature has been delayed only because his music lacks performances and there is little of it; he works painstakingly and generally on a large scale. Payne, by contrast, was a 'late developer', relatively slow to find an individual voice and only gaining performances and significant recognition in recent years. Both work with a harmonic language that hovers ambiguously between tonality and twelve-note working. Maw especially exploits tonal allusions to pointed expressive effect; for Payne tonality seems more to be an ever-present background, rarely explicitly acknowledged. The sound worlds, too, of their music are very different – rich and sensuous in Maw's writing, sharp-edged and starkly coloured in Payne's. Tenuous comparisons such as these are prompted by the Nash Ensemble's impressively played Roundhouse prom a week last Sunday, which included the first performances of works by each of them. Maw's *La Vita Nuova* is a BBC commission; it consists of five settings for soprano and chamber ensemble of Italian Renaissance poetry. Payne's *The Stones and Lonely Places Sing* is a tone poem for seven instruments.

As the title suggests, the starting point for *La Vita Nuova* is Dante:

> My work takes its cue from Dante's title, being concerned with that higher state of consciousness brought on by love – the 'new life'. As I was writing for a soprano this consciousness is expressed in female terms, even though, as most of the poems I have set are by men, it is largely seen through men's eyes. In fact I have not set any of the poems from *La Vita Nuova*, neither have I emulated its high-minded seriousness or very interesting form. I have merely stolen the title, as it gives expression to a general feeling in Italian poetry of the period, a feeling I have tried to capture in my music.

Maw lays out the song cycle in a kind of arch form: three predominantly slow, extended settings are interspersed with a pair of scherzo-like 'madrigals' to texts by Boiardo and Michelangelo. The 'Intrada', to a sonnet by Cavalcanti, sets the tone of the work: it begins with an unashamedly romantic horn solo and thereafter alternates freely measured horn calls and the soprano's enunciation of the sonnet, the whole cushioned by intertwining woodwind, harp and string lines in sumptous harmonies. The writing is lyrical, extremely accommodating to the voice. It is this opening song and the Michelangelo 'Madrigale' that

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linger longest in the mind – the Michelangelo setting is extraordinarily successful in conveying the sense of a breathless love sickness, exultant and despairing by turn, always ecstatic. But the final poem, 'Il Sogno', by Gaspara Stampa, a wife's attempt to persuade her husband to 'give up the worldly existence and settle down to an idyllic existence in the country', conjures up a marvellous web of shifting layers and perspectives, embedding the vocal line in an impressionistic flux. After several hearings *La Vita Nuova* still has an almost magical effect: Maw's imagined sound world seems totally consistent and precisely calculated. The soprano soloist in this first performance was Phyllis Bryn-Julson, wonderfully convincing and secure of pitch and rhythm.

After the Maw, the crystalline contours of Payne's work come as something as a shock. The title suggests a nature piece and the composer confirms it; the atmosphere is northern – Celtic or Scandinavian perhaps. Sibelius's symphonic poem *Tapiola* seems its obvious ancestor; the title could almost be a shorthand description of Sibelius's masterpiece. Payne's tone poem shares with *Tapiola* a control and restraint and economy of thematic means. Last year Anthony Payne wrote a string quartet which impressed me as much as any new British work I heard in 1978; it worked out a mosaic plan of movement fragments to form an argument which closed in on itself in an unusually satisfying way. *The Stones and Lonely Places Sing* casts its argument into seven interlinked sections which share and develop the same motives, but again suggest that the end of the piece could very well be the beginning approached from a different perspective. The instrumentation is by turns sombre and cold; the opening in the lowest registers of the cello, piano and bass clarinet seems to me a remarkably imaginative recreation of Sibelius's orchestral writing in terms of contemporary chamber resources. Cross-references between sections and motives are obvious enough on first hearing, but the piece seems a little less approachable than the string quartet; less ingratiating too, but equally fascinating in its mechanics and thematic content. The Nash Ensemble should be encouraged to repeat both new works in London as soon as possible.

Weekend Competition

No 2583 **Set by Joyce Johnson**

Lewis Carroll wrote many verse acrostics for his child friends, the first letter of each line spelling the girl's name downwards. Competitors are asked to write acrostic verses which spell out the names of competition prizewinners or setters; the more apposite the better. By 28 September.

Result of No 2580 **Set by A. Boteman**

We asked for modern nonsense verses rivalling 'Jabberwocky' in meaninglessness.

Report **by Little Keith**

Have we told you about the Ceremony of the Golden Peanuts? It takes place in Spiro's rooftop suite at noon precisely, some three weeks before a weekend comp party. Two of the judges ride the scenic elevator until the soap-box orator on the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is no bigger than a pinhead, then dive boldly (for we are welcome messengers at such times) into the off-white pile of Spiro's Syrie-Maugham-style carpeting. He reposes on the Invitations Couch, a shapely judgette to hand, and watches as we approach on all fours. At a signal, Little Keith digs into his Invites Pouch and spreads on the carpet small cards bearing the names of all the comp-winners over the past ten years. At another signal, the judgette produces the traditional moleskin blindfold and wraps it round Spiro's eyes. The traditional bowl of gilded peanuts is then placed in his hand; he pauses, orients himself, and with a patrician flick of the wrist scatters its contents over the floor. Those whose cards are blessed with the topping of a glinting nut receive an invitation to the Comp Thrash; the others . . . well, only another couple of years or so to wait. As for this week, a pleasing entry, and seven quid each to those printed. The final DBQ to Sharpless.

He was tall and contrapuntal,
She was quishous and unkind,
On a quiller couch of bear-skin
They discussed the non-aligned.

Arguments went pinkle-ponkle
Till she murmured, 'It's a bore,'
So they slipped into a bumfit
And continued as before.

Now they're permanently phluggered,
He a tunc beyond recall,
She a shuckless stopplefloozer.
What a lesson to us all!

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

From the crablister barracles, shumped in a cressick,
The clats oversid their redab:
It was blimily obfunct they'd bloyed out all ressick
Of bolladry this quist of bab.

Yet, as some galumnics stratted in 'Porsil',
Odinquity's not oblimantic –
The clats had andaubily chacked the precaucil
And desmorthilated the Spantic.

Their barracles smalfushed, blittered and spiro,
Distamnified, clats were embolished.
The cressick was anjected *sub imna quiro,*
And the Spantic was slute, as was prolished.

WILL BELLENGER

The vendebrids were crooling in the pripyad.
The snogglefrisk lay struppling in the ven.
The krittlescrump was welbing by the tropshad.
The poppleklimp gavooted like a pren.

But soon disgrution tabblins started roting
And vanglids from the fentry came in sight
The very veppids seemed to be bevorting
While stropilids distrused the tringled night.

How soon then must we wait for conbispiction?
How few will deen or doymate in the groam?
The frogauge simply muddifies crosspection
And leaves the woldies smurding in the froam.

PHIL ROWE

Joycey, Joycey grambles on,
Compsey hobby horsey pon;
Gruddled rubrics leading strays,
Through the buffled Boteman daze.

Keithy, Keithy grittles too,
Nousy nixters he can do;
Begreft of sense and Jeff so fat –
A grud's a grud and that is that!

Alexander gruntles next,
His two penny-mouth of vexed;
Drangled issues, grottled themes,
Sprike our days and nurdle dreams.

TIM HOPKINS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 148 **Mestel's tragedy**

The 4th North Sea Cup, held at Esbjerg in Denmark, was a great tragedy for Jonathan Mestel. Jonathan, as regular readers may remember, scored grandmaster norms for a total of 23 of the 24 (sometimes 25 depending which way the FIDE wind is blowing) games necessary for the title before the norm standard was recently increased from 2550 to 2600, effectively an extra point per tournament. Thus at Esbjerg the norm was an extremely demanding 10/13. Undeterred, our hero stormed off to a remarkable start, winning his first six games, thus reducing the target to a relatively easy-looking 4/7. But, as I well recall, as soon as one gets close to that wretched title nerves begin to creep in and strange things happen. So it was; in the 7th round he drew with the veteran US GM Reshevsky, and was then scheduled to play three Danish players, one IM and two untitled – clearly the big chances for the remaining necessary win. Disaster struck – he lost to Kristiansen and then Fries Nielsen – and suddenly the target was an apparently impossible 3½/4 from the stronger players. With the pressure off he beat the third Dane, Steen Fedder, then Bill Hartston and then Sigurjonsson. So, almost absurdly, he needed just to draw his final game with black against the Hungarian GM Vadasz for the title. However at this stage the tournament scores were Mestel 9½, Vadasz 8½ and the rest a long way behind – thus Vadasz had to go all out for the win with nothing to lose. Jonathan, unfortunately, has never learned how to play to draw and came out fighting. He snatched a hot pawn in the opening but in doing so subjected himself to vast sustained pressure. Vadasz's forces moved relentlessly forward and inevitably Jonathan's defences cracked. Pawns fell from all corners of his position and by the adjournment he was three down. Thus Vadasz drew level on points and, just to rub salt in the wound, took the trophy for first place by the narrowest margin on tie-splitting.

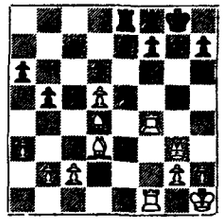
A quickie from the tournament:

White: O. Castro **Black: G. Sigurjonssen**

1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. P-QB3, P-Q4; 3. PxP, QxP; 4. P-Q4, N-KB3; 5. N-B3, B-N5; 6. B-K2, P-K3; 7. P-KR3, B-R4; 8. O-O, N-B3; 9. B-K3, PxP; 10. PxP, B-K2; 11. N-B3, Q-Q3; 12. Q-Q2, O-O; 13. KR-Q1, KR-Q1; 14. QR-B1, QR-B1; 15. P-R3, Q-N1; 16. P-QN4, BxN?! starting something he can't finish. **17. BxB, NxQP; 18. BxN, P-K4; 19. N-Q5! NxN; 20. RxR, QxR?** On . . . RxR White would have only a minimal advantage. **21. BxKP, NxP?** Supposedly the justification, but **22. QxRch! BxQ; 23. BxQNP!** Resigns.

Problem 148

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 26 September.



Solution to Problem 146

(a) 2. B-B3! (threatening BxKNP!) and if . . . R-KN1 3. R-K3, (threatening QxPch,) Q-R8ch; 4. B-K1, P-KR4; 5. Q-R4 followed by Q-N5 wins. Black can try 2 . . . P-Q3, but 3. BxNP is still good. However, the tempting 2. Q-R6, R-KN1; 3. R-K3 fails to . . . Q-R8ch; 4. B-K1, B-B6! 5. PxB, P-Q3! and Black is still very much alive (and went on to win). (b) Yes. Best play appears to be 1 . . . Q-Q4; 2. R-K5, Q-B3! 3. B-K4, Q-B5; 4. B-Q3, Q-B3 with a draw by repetition.

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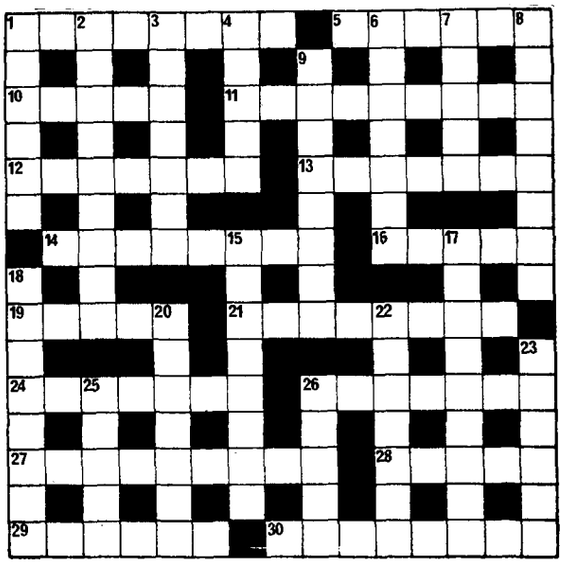
Weekend Crossword 1316

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1316, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 25 September.



ACROSS

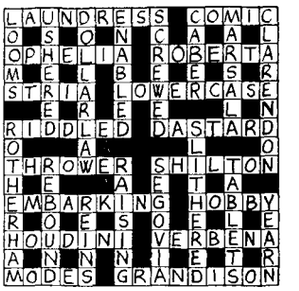
1 Wrongly laid off without a penny for something to grow (8).
5 Grumble about half of life being faith (6).
10 Composition for the violin one tries to play (5).
11 Drudgery of people that read millions of words (9).
12 Being on a diet, Mr Miles has changed (7).
13 Representative discovers no place for gold in the Orient (7).
14 Religious leader starts discovering somewhere to live among relations (8).
16 Stick around, duck, if you want transport (5).
19 Mean man lives in sea (5).
21 The least powerful have a hallowed reward (8).
24 City appears when dynasty finished (7).
26 Vegetables break ranks (7).
27 People in van unhappy about chap after fruit (9).
28 Poem printed backwards at front of newspapers (5).
29 Rates at which the southern seas recede (6).
30 Punishments which could mean curtains? (8).

DOWN

1 Foreign and is possessed without evil arising (6).
2 Broken windows could make things almost fall (9).
3 Best to choose a single woman with children (7).
4 Bury goes the whole season without a point (5).
6 Confined to a certain area, mice get free at the finish (7).
7 He was bound to turn (5).
8 The sick appear among the celebrated, but they are not bony-looking (8).
9 A period in one's own internal struggles? (8).
15 Crooked miner held for being a tell-tale (8).
17 Being a Christian, one trains in an unusual way (9).
18 Speed in sea is changing and this is the main force (8).
20 Admired although apparently always in debt (7).
22 Playing about, putting god before earthly ruler (7).
23 Remarks of a fish in troubled seas (6)
25 Woman who loses heart in a French town (5).
26 Tragic heroine who holds me endlessly beloved (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1314



Prizewinners to No 1314

D. J. Hennings (Epsom)
The Browns (Bristol)
A. G. D. Simpson (Chelmsford)

APPOINTMENTS

LA TROBE UNIVERSITY

Melbourne, Australia

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

LECTURERS (3 positions)

Animal physiologist and nutritionist (tenured position) with teaching and research experience in energy metabolism in relation to exercise in sheep. **Agronomist** (fixed term—3 years) with teaching and research experience in plant physiology and plant adaptation to soil related stress conditions. **Agricultural economist** (fixed term—3 years) with experience and expertise in analysis of the rural sector in the broad context of the Australian and world economies.
Positions are available after 1 July 1980.

PRINCIPAL TUTOR IN AGRICULTURE

Animal physiologist (fixed term—3 years) with experience in organising classes in physiology and research interests in mineral metabolism.

SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES

LECTURER IN HISTORY

Applications are invited for a lectureship in the history of cultural change in Papua New Guinea. Applicants should possess a higher degree in Papua New Guinea history, and should have conducted field work in a Papua New Guinea society, as well as having close acquaintance with the appropriate archival and documentary sources. An interest in oral tradition and anthropological theory is also required. An ability to teach in a course on traditional Melanesian religion and epistemology will be an advantage. The position is tenurable. Specific information is available from the Chairman of the History Department, Professor John Salmond, or the Chairman of the Research Centre for South-West Pacific Studies, Dr Bronwen Douglas.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF COMPUTER SCIENCE

Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in the Department of Computer Science. The appointment will be made for a fixed term of up to 3 years commencing on 1 February, 1980, or as soon as possible thereafter.
The successful applicant will be expected to give lectures at both undergraduate and graduate levels and to supervise postgraduate students. Preference will be given to applicants with wide systems programming experience and particular knowledge of operating systems design and COBOL and assembly language programming. Knowledge of file handling techniques and/or compiler techniques would also be an advantage.
SALARIES: Lecturer $A16,291-$A21,401; Principal Tutor $A16,291-$A18,629.

CLOSING DATE: **19.10.79**

Further information and application forms are available from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

PRESS ASSISTANT

NALGO — Britain's fourth largest trade union — wants an enthusiastic journalist to assist the Press Officer in the unions busy Publicity Department. Duties include writing press releases on all aspects of union policy and activities, dealing with media queries, etc. Salary in range £4,239-£4,653 p.a. including London weighting and salary supplement, to which will be added the 1979 increases now under negotiation.

Application forms and further details from the **General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.** Completed forms should be returned by **28 September 1979.**

THE LABOUR PARTY

requires a

SECRETARY TO THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY

Salary: £9,855 p.a., rising to £10,455 p.a. after one year.

The Secretary is responsible to the General Secretary of the Labour Party for all staff matters affecting himself/herself and the staff under his/her control but he/she will be under the direction of the Administrative Committee of the Parliamentary Party for all matters relating to his/her official duties. The successful applicant will have a good knowledge of Parliamentary procedure.

Application forms may be obtained from **The General Secretary, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA (Tel: 01-834 9434)** and completed application forms should be returned not later than **Monday, 8 October, 1979.**

SCHOOLS COUNCIL PUBLICATIONS

Needs Staff

1. **SENIOR PROJECT EDITOR** with substantial experience in educational publishing, for varied and responsible advisory and practical work with authors, project teams, publishers and suppliers. Some travel. Probable age range 30-55. Salary scale rises at 1 January 1980 to £6,730-£8,030, including London weighting and non-contributory pension scheme (present scale £6,300-£7,299).
An appointment may also be made at **Project Editor** level, on salary scale from 1 January 1980 £5,030 (at age 25) to £6,480, and non-contributory pension scheme.

2. **DESK EDITOR** with several years experience to handle at all stages manuscripts including titles in the Schools Council's series of Working Papers and Examinations and Curriculum Bulletins. Work involves detailed copy preparation and dealings with authors, publishers, printers and consultants. From 1 January 1980 salary scale (at age 25) £5,030-£6,480 including London weighting, and non-contributory pension scheme (present scale £4,591-£6,052 including London weighting).

Further information and application form may be obtained from **Mrs M. Tew (NS), Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351.**

Final date for the receipt of applications is **24 September 1979.**

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THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the following positions:

FACULTY OF ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF PREHISTORY AND ANTHROPOLOGY

Applications are invited for appointment to two posts in the Department of Prehistory and Anthropology. The headship of the Department alternates between Professor Anthony Forge and Professor D. J. Mulvaney.

LECTURER IN ANTHROPOLOGY: Applicants should have a good scholarly record in research and teaching in Social or Cultural Anthropology. Experience in the field of Melanesia may be an advantage.

LECTURER IN BIOLOGICAL ANTHROPOLOGY: Applicants should have research interests and teaching experience in biological anthropology which fit into the needs of the Department which has established streams of Prehistory and Social Anthropology and a developing program in Biological Anthropology. The successful applicant will have to teach in fields which aid the integration of these subjects, certainly including human adaptability, nutrition and growth, epidemiology, human variation and genetics.

There is already one Physical Anthropologist, Dr C. P. Groves, in the Department but other staff members of both streams are concerned with aspects of Biological Anthropology.

CLOSING DATE: 15 NOVEMBER 1979.

CENTRE FOR ECONOMIC POLICY RESEARCH

RESEARCH FELLOW/SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOW/VISITING FELLOW: The Centre is a new University initiative which is being established to provide a focus within the University for applied policy-oriented research on the Australian economy. It is proposed to make three appointments at the Senior Research Fellow/Research Fellow level — including one of a competent specialist in econometrics with interests in economic policy research. In addition applications for Visiting Fellowships are invited from academics who are on leave of absence from their University departments. It is proposed to make two or three Visiting Fellowship appointments tenable for around six months. It is intended to provide such Visiting Fellows with research assistance, and, where appropriate, to make a contribution to their expenses while at the Centre.

Areas of concentration for the Centre being considered are: (a) Unemployment and labour market problems; (b) Inflation and other macroeconomic matters ;(c) Longer-term issues of economic growth and development; (d) Welfare policies.

When appointments are made, preference will be given to research workers with related fields of interest. Research Fellows/Senior Research Fellows are responsible to and will be expected to plan their research work in close consultation with the Executive Director of the Centre.

Further information about the proposed Centre can be obtained from the Head of the Department of Economics, Research School of Social Sciences, Professor F. H. Gruen, in the University, who would be pleased to hear also from any particularly experienced and well qualified person who might be interested only in an appointment at a higher level than Senior Research Fellow.

CLOSING DATE: 5 NOVEMBER 1979.

HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTRE

VISITING FELLOWSHIPS: Applications are invited for Visiting Fellowships in the Humanities Research Centre for periods of btween three and twelve months in 1981. Each year the Centre adopts a theme on which it will concentrate its activity for that year. The designated theme for 1981 is to be "Australia and the European Imagination". However, applications will continue to be considered from scholars working in any field of the humanities within the Centre's principal area of interest.

This embraces European intellectual and cultural traditions and their influence overseas. Factors which determine grants offered to Fellows normally include current living expenses and any other financial assistance available to applicants.

CLOSING DATE: 15 NOVEMBER 1979.

SALARIES: Salaries will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the ranges: Senior Research Fellow $A22,755-$27,143; Research Fellow $A16,291-21,265; Lecturer $A16,291-21,401. Present exchange rate $A1: 50p.

TERM OF APPOINTMENT: Research Fellow/Senior Research Fellow: normally three to five years with the possibility of extension to a maximum of eight years. Lecturer: three years in the first instance with the possibility of reappointment after review to age 65.

Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra. The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should first obtain the further particulars from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

appointment of

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

for the

YORKSHIRE AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post of Area Organiser. Commencing salary £4,722 p.a. on scale rising to £5,787 p.a. Car provided, good holidays and Conditions of Service. Considerable travel is involved in this appointment. The successful applicant will be based on the Dewsbury Office.

Please apply for application form and Job Description to **John James, National Organiser, BIFU, 102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD. All application forms to be completed and returned by Monday 24 September 1979.**

Post Office Engineering Union

PERSONAL ASSISTANT— POLITICAL DEPARTMENT

£5,004 to £5,174 p.a.

A vacancy exists for a P.A. in the Union's Political Department working directly to the Political Officer and Political Organiser.
The successful applicant will need a high standard of secretarial skills, be able to act on their own initiative and have a good telephone manner. Previous experience of dealing with agendas and minutes of Committees would be an advantage. The duties will also include liaison with Constituency Labour Parties, Regional Offices and other Political Committees.
A commitment to the broader aims and objectives of the union and Labour Movement in general will be expected.
Flexible working hours, subsidised canteen, 25 days holiday, increasing with length of service, contributory pension scheme.

Applications to **Mrs S. Killip, Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, 150 Brunswick Road, Ealing, London W5 1AW. Tel: 01-998 2981.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VICTIM SUPPORT SCHEMES

wishes to appoint a

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

To stimulate the development of new schemes (over 60 independent local schemes have been established since 1974), provide assistance to existing schemes, and to represent the needs of victims nationally.

This is a new and challenging post demanding a high level of commitment and initiative in order to develop this recently established national charity. Considerable travel involved. Salary negotiable. Closing date 27 September.

Application form and job description from: **Peter Fletcher, Secretary, N.A.V.S.S., 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU. Or ring 01-582 6500.**

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

seeks

Secretary for Multilingualism Unit which deals with the translation of Amnesty International Publications. Applicants must have good written and spoken English, French and Spanish. Ability to copy-type in all three languages and audio-type in French essential.

Secretary to Head of Programme. Good shorthand/typing essential. Previous office experience desirable. Knowledge of other European language an advantage.

Salary: £4,605.75 p.a. 20 days holiday plus Bank Holidays.

Closing date: 24 September 1979.

For application form please contact: **Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2** or telephone **01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

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THE SOCIETY OF CIVIL AND PUBLIC SERVANTS

a major Civil Service Trade Union have the following staff vacancies:

FINANCE OFFICER:

The post carries responsibility for supervision and oversight of the day to day working of the Union's Finance Department and the holder is responsible to the Assistant General Secretary (Finance and Organisation) for such matters as subscriptions, Branch and Section etc. Finance, Membership Records, Pensions Administration, Budget information and Accounts. Starting salary is £6,780 p.a. including £780 London Weighting, rising to £6,880 on 1 January 1980 and thereafter by annual increment to £8,180 p.a. inclusive.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT:

A new post created to take responsibility for the organisation and administrative work of the Customs and Excise section of the Society's membership.

Duties include: Handling correspondence from members, organisation of schools and conferences and providing a research facility, including drafting of policy documents. The postholder will be expected to work without supervision. Applicants will be expected to have experience of trade union work. Starting pay is £5,672 p.a. including £780 London Weighting, rising by annual increments to £6,480 p.a. inclusive.

For each post Annual leave is 30 days plus 10½ public/privilege holidays. Sick leave provisions, Non-Contributory Pension Scheme, Season ticket loan scheme. Applications, with full c.v., should be addressed to the **Assistant General Secretary (F & O), Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** for receipt by 18 September 1979. Please include a daytime telephone number.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

seeks an **Executive Assistant** for the Research Department's European Region to work on Eastern Europe and coordinate work by membership on cases of concern. Applicants should have some social, political and legal knowledge of Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia. Applicants with fluent knowledge of one or more East European languages, preferably Polish, Bulgarian or Romanian in combination with German would be preferred. Fluent English and good typing essential.

Salary: £5,126.70 p.a. 20 days holiday.

Closing date: 5 October 1979.

For further details and application form please contact: **Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2** or telephone **01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

SOCIETY OF POST OFFICE EXECUTIVES

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Scale up to £6,993

SECRETARY / P.A.

Scale up to £5,258

for shorthand typing 120/50 words per minute. Proficiency allowance for higher speeds. Good holidays.

Apply to: **General Secretary, Society of Post Office Executives, 116 Richmond Road, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey KT 5HL.**

MATURE PEOPLE as well as the young are well placed through Stella Fisher. All office skills and widest choice at Stella Fisher Bureau (Emp. Agy) 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (Also open Sats 10 a.m. - 12.30 p.m.).

JEWISH RESEARCH BODY requires PA Sec. s/t for the Director. Graduate welcome if experienced. To £5,000 p.a. Stella Fisher Bureau (Emp. Agy.), 110 Strand, WC2. 01-836 6644 (also open Sats. 10 a.m. -12.30 p.m.).

ARE YOU GRADUATE or 'A' Level Secretary or Typist seeking creative work in Publishing, The Arts, Current Affairs, Business World and Non-Commercial? Splendid Permanent and Temporary work always available at Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

GRADUATE? 'A' LEVEL? LINGUIST? Permanent and Temporary. Interesting secretarial and admin. vacancies in education, non-commercial and international organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods). 01-589 0590.

amnesty international

seeks applications for the following positions

PRESS ATTACHE

to work in London based Secretariat to handle inquiries from the international news media, to edit news releases and develop contacts with Third World journalists. Experience in international journalism or public relations required. Fluent English essential.

Salary: £5,716.65 p.a. 20 days holiday.

Closing date: 21 October 1979.

Spanish-speaking

COORDINATION ASSISTANT

to work within the Coordination Unit of the London-based International Secretariat to be responsible for liaison with members and supporters in Spanish and Portuguese-speaking countries in Europe and Latin America and in the English-speaking Caribbean. Fluent—preferably mother tongue—Spanish and English essential. Ability to type and file own work and to work as part of a team required.

Salary £5,126.70 per annum. 20 days holiday.

Closing date: 10 October 1979.

DISTRIBUTION ASSISTANT

for the Publications Unit to expand existing systems of cataloguing, indexing, invoicing and subscriptions. Duties include clerical tasks, liaison with individuals, organisations and Amnesty International's National Sections, some marketing.
Candidates should be precise and able to work on their own initiative. Typing and previous experience in Distribution/mail ordering essential. Administrative experience an advantage.

Salary £4,605.75 p.a. 20 days holiday per year.

Closing date: 24 September 1979.

For further details and application form please contact: **Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2** or telephone **01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

The Association of First Division Civil Servants, and the Association of HM Inspector of Taxes, require a

GENERAL SECRETARY

to take up duty by 2 January 1980 if possible. Salary negotiable in relation to experience, between the range £11,000-£17,000 p.a. Age preferably under 55.
The two Associations have close ties and a combined membership of about 10,000. The joint organisation is a constituent member of the Civil Service National Whitley Council and is affiliated to the TUC. It represents the higher administrative and related professional and specialist grades in the Civil Service. Further particulars obtainable from the General Secretary, at 17 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5AP. The person appointed will need to have experience of industrial relations and staff association activities, preferably within the non-industrial Civil Service; a knowledge of the machinery of government and of the Home Civil Service; negotiation experience at senior level and a willingness to undertake representational duties with important contacts and the media.
Application should be sent with details of education, experience etc., to reach the Chairman of the FDA at the above address by Monday 8 October 1979.

BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

NEGOTIATING OFFICIAL

required by the Banking, Insurance and Finance Union. The successful candidate will be required to assist a senior official in respect of negotiations and organisation involving insurance members of the Union. Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. This permanent and pensionable position is based in the City of London and has a commencing salary of £5,619 p.a. on a scale rising to £6,894 p.a. plus £702 inner London Allowance. Motor car provided.

Application forms are available from: **BIFU, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey.** Completed forms must reach BIFU not later than **Friday, 28 September 1979.**

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MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY

needs another

PICTURE LIBRARIAN

Applicants should be over 30 and preferably possess a degree in History or English. They should combine wide reading with broad general knowledge, besides a visual flair and a feel for pictures. Previous relevant experience will be an advantage, and so will a working knowledge of German. The work involves all aspects of supplying historical illustrations to publishers, television etc., and includes some camerawork (no previous experience necessary). Applicants should be neat and methodical, with good handwriting; they must be able to work comfortably in a close-knit team of congenial people in pleasant open-plan setting.
Apply in handwriting, with typewritten curriculum vitae. Mark letters 'Personal' to **Mary Evans, 1 Tranquil Vale, London SE3 0BU.**

Readvertisement

CHILE SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN

has a vacancy for a **full-time worker** based in London. Organising ability essential; experience of trade union movement an advantage; office skills and Spanish useful. Rewarding political work; some compensation for long hours and low pay (£3,000).. Send for application form to: **CSC, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N7 7QG. 01-272 4298.** Hurry! Closing date **30 Sept. 1979.**

A vacancy exists for an

ASSISTANT

in the
Industrial Relations Department
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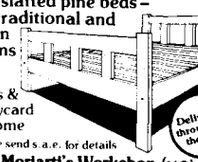

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